Godard and Gangsters *Pauline Kael*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

September 10, 1966, 35 cents

Salinger's Kennedy

Marquis W. Childs

Disillusioned Heroine

Philip Toynbee

Bernard Malamud's Career

Charles Thomas Samuels

McNamara's Salvation Army

David Sanford

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THERE IS STILL TIME TO STOP THE WAR!

THOMAS ADAMS FOR THE SENATE

Voters in most states are denied the opportunity to express their views on the Vietnam war. Candidates of both parties are committed to a policy of war, escalation, and possibly destruction. We do not believe these views reflect the sentiments of the American people.

ON JULY 26, TOM ADAMS FILED NOMINATION PAPERS WITH THIS STATEMENT:

. . . The issue is not between me and two other candidates for the Senate whose names will also appear on the ballot. The issue is between the people of Masschusetts and the President of the United States. A vote for Adams on September 13 is a vote of no confidence in the present administration. A vote for Adams is a vote for Democracy and a return to the rule of law and the balance of powers set up by the founders of our nation to protect it against tyranny. By guile and by subterfuge the President has carried the nation into war without the consent of Congress or debate in the Senate. Each step in the escalation of the war has been a denial of the official statements made at the taking of the previous step. . . . The purpose of the war is now made clear. It is to establish American power permanently on the Asian mainland. . . . There is a crisis of confidence in the United States. When John Kennedy lived, we lived in an era of hope. When a mistake was made, it was admitted. . . . Now when a mistake is made, another is made to blot out the memory of the previous blunder. In less than three short years the nation has seen the Kennedy policies of firmness and restraint in foreign affairs become the wild extravagance of a nation bent on expansion without counting the cost. But the nation has not been consulted. The Senate has been ignored. . . .

ON JULY 28, WALTER LIPPMANN, DEAN OF AMERICAN POLITICAL ANALYSTS, WROTE:

Dear Tom: Your statement of July 26th, will, I believe, be long remembered. It not only tells the truth, but it tells it without weasling and hedging and fudging. I am astounded. Do you mean to say that you think that the voters of Massachusetts are capable of listening to the unvarnished truth, that their stomachs are strong enough and their hearts are stout enough to accept, even to like, being talked to by their politicians as honest men talk privately to honest men? What a Commonwealth, that it can produce men who act like free men, that is to say are unafraid. . . .

Get free copies of the full Adams statement, send contributions and make checks payable to: ADAMS FOR U.S. SENATE, 387 Washington Street, Boston, Massachusetts 617—482-2025. Send copies of the Adams statement to the President, to your Congressman and to your Senator.

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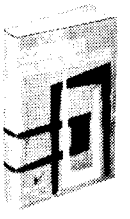

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Nonpartisan President

★ Every week end from now to election Mr. Johnson will be out speechmaking. He knows the ill-luck other presidents have had at mid-term. Wilson in 1918 appealed for Democratic victory: the GOP captured Congress. FDR tried a "purge" at the 1938 primaries: no luck. Truman in 1950 was the first to campaign directly; his party lost heavily. Most embarrassing was Eisenhower in 1954. He promised not to campaign and then, as usual, changed his mind. Simultaneously Nixon equated Democrats with subversion. Result? – Democrats captured Congress; have held it since.

Mr. Johnson knows this, knows his limitations. His approach is more subtle. It's too late now to reverse inflation, racial tension, the lost guidelines. Every week GOP hopes grow. They are offering no Goldwater to aid Democrats this year. At midterm the "in" party traditionally gets clobbered.

But the president can do something, and is doing it. Not a "political" trip? We watched him recently and he was as nice as pie to the GOP candidates on the platform with him. Nothing partisan, dear me, no. But he is doing two things. First, he is restoring his own self-confidence. He is putting on a show of being amiable, mellow and relaxed. The crowd responds. The unfavorable polls have been blows in the face of an extraordinarily sensitive, complex man. As we watch him going down the airport lines, handling crowds, "feeling flesh," we wonder if this rebuilding of ego isn't perhaps the main (though unacknowledged) purpose of the trips.

Then, second, there is one external thing the president *can* do. He can remind the country how prosperous it is. He can tell it of the extraordinary legislative revolution that has made nearly everybody's lot better. He can turn to the game, smiling Republican governor, senator or local candidate on the platform and sweetly thank him for his party's aid. He praises the GOP repeatedly. Maybe this doesn't help the Democratic marginal congressman very much, but it helps some. It shows how mellow a nonpartisan Mr. Johnson is!

The president is pretty good at this. You would never go out to hear him for Churchillian eloquence. Call it folksy, corny, anything you want, but he can create an intimacy with the normal crowd where he practically puts his hands on its shoulders and breathes in its face. The difficulty is that LBJ, in his evangelistic fervor, is apt to go further than he meant. Recently he has been more careful, we notice. He hasn't taunted Vietnam critics, calling them "nervous Nellies." He's stuck closer to text. Some of the speeches have had high quality. We think they've been effective. He's gone on the offensive. He's grabbed headlines. Unfortunately for him, his style is poor for TV and radio; it sounds overblown; it doesn't travel well.

When the housewife goes to the polls November 8, which will she remember? Let's say it's New York – that her husband has a job, with overtime, or that butter has gone up 8 cents a pound, eggs 16 cents a dozen, and milk 2½ cents a quart? Our guess: the latter.

Nixon's Line

★ That thought makes GOP leaders here purr. But there's one thing they desperately fear. It's a grim possibility. Just about everybody thinks Vietnam is soon going to escalate again. The Pentagon admits that, in spite of bombing, Communist infiltration is faster than ever. Another nostrum gone sour. So the sullen, bewildered public looks for a new panacea.

There's a dreadful inexorability about it. Senator Richard Russell says "go in and win – or get out." As simple as that. Go in and win. The public applauds. But *can* we win? Medicine Man Nixon spiels to the Legion convention here from his barker's tent: "Come and buy my cancer cure; there's a quick easy patent medicine to shorten the war; Johnson's 'appeasement' will take five years. Let's quarantine, blockade, bomb – end it at once!" Nixon's line is the Republican line.

We said Republicans have a ghastly fear. They are certain Johnson has soon got to send in more troops. The public is being softened up now. But till after the election he can put bad news on ice. Then he must bring in a supplemental defense deficiency bill. Chairman Mahon (D, Texas) of the House Appropriations Committee thinks it will be $12 billion. That means more taxes.

But, the Republicans ask, what is to prevent Mr. Johnson, 10 days before the polls, from escalating the war spectacularly, beating the patriotic drum for the next week, preempting every front page, making it a khaki election?

Our judgment is that Mr. Johnson wouldn't do that, and probably couldn't get away with it if he tried. But it's a nightmare with some GOP leaders. They think they've got Johnson stopped otherwise. They are counting the new seats. Yet the thought keeps intruding: what would they do in Johnson's place? Perhaps it's the answer that makes them so worried.

The Stained-Glass Voice

★ The civil rights debate and filibuster start this week. It's the kind of situation that old power-broker Everett Dirksen dotes on. The man with the stained-glass voice has a veto. This bill is different: for the first time it involves North as well as South. The House passed it, 259-157, after first watering it down, but it still forbids discrimination in the sale and rental of about 40 percent of the nation's housing, whether in the Watts ghetto, or in the fashionable Milwaukee suburb.

The House version also carried a last-minute anti-riot rule on the floor. It orders harsh penalties for inciting a riot, though it's probably unenforceable because it requires proving of "intent."

Well, there are 18 Southerners who will filibuster and it requires 66 senators to invoke cloture and break a filibuster. At least 25 of the 33 Republican senators are needed, and Dirksen controls them. He's adamant against the housing provision. Our guess: if passed, both housing and anti-riot sections will come out.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 155 Number 11 Issue 2703 September 10, 1966*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $9; Foreign $10; Armed Forces personnel or students, $7. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright © 1966 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

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THE STAFF

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Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Pauline Kael

Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White, Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017

The High Price of Power

With Sam for a friend, who needs enemies? With the very best of intentions, the United States has brought grief to a number of countries and there are indications the number will grow. The price of power is responsibility, President Johnson said last week. There are places where somebody is failing to make the connection:

► Spraying napalm around in Vietnam is an old story, but it still goes on. The latest casualties, by accident, were American troops. Accidents happen, especially in war, but the gruesome pictures of the victims surely underlined for even the most insensitive that napalm is a horror weapon. Do we have to use it? Things are bad enough in Vietnam without it. Very few countries could handle without hurt the entry of 400,000 foreign troops – soon perhaps to be 600,000 – and Vietnam isn't such a country. The GIs through sheer numbers are busting in the sides of that bamboo society and shattering its economy. Experts warn that moral and monetary erosion in Vietnam is now being hastened by a rising tide of unwanted babies. Senator Fulbright fears for Thailand, too, where there are 25,000 US military, the number in South Vietnam a year ago.

► The Pentagon has got so guerrilla-conscious that the world's mightiest military structure spends most of its time brooding on insurgency and counter-insurgency. What will this country do with the enormous numbers of men who are being trained in guerrilla warfare tactics? One gloomy guess, based on a knowledge of how the military mind works, is that the brass will be almost hopefully on the lookout for other places in Asia, and Latin America, calling for "Vietnam tactics."

► The US leads the world in sales of arms to the world. Such sales, which rose from $300-million in 1961 to about $1.5 billion now, are regarded as helping to offset the approximate $16 billion a year (nobody really knows except Defense Secretary McNamara and he won't tell even the Senate) that Vietnam is costing.

► The West Germans last week were in a first-class crisis over military affairs. An important ingredient of the stew is the American F-104G Starfighter, which has killed 36 German pilots, in 61 air crashes, and forced the resignation of the head of the German air force. Lockheed salesmen initially described the expensive Starfighter to the inquiring German government as being "light and simple, easy to maintain"; American pilots who have flown it, however, describe

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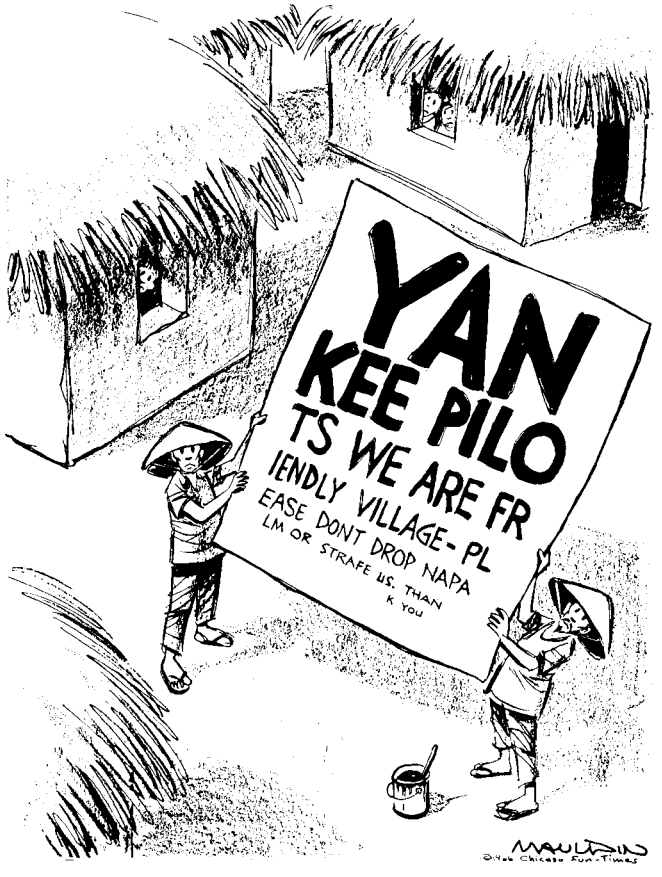
it as "unforgiving" to the pilot who makes the smallest error.

► This country is thinking seriously of resuming sales of arms to Pakistan. All that seems to be holding us back is the fearful thought of what this will do to the Indians' blood pressure; Mrs. Gandhi faces elections in February and is under fire for having, her accusers say, yielded too much to American pressure. India and Pakistan were fighting a war last September; this April, the former US ambassador to India, John Kenneth Galbraith, told the Senate: "The arms we supplied . . . caused the war."

Advising against "arming the indigent," Galbraith has suggested that nations with per capita incomes under $200 a year probably need other things more than they require armaments. That's a lot of nations; by the end of this century, half the globe's population will still be well under the $200 annual income figure (but US per capita income will then be $5,000). That's why Mr. Johnson told the American Legion last week that world poverty has got to be tackled, lest it cause crises leading to our "military involvement." Unfortunately his audience seemed to hear only those two words, which they loudly cheered.



Peace Candidates

By most standards, "peace campaigns" have been failures in elections this year. But like strategic bombing, electoral defeat seems to stiffen, rather than destroy opposition. New candidates appear as soon as their ideological brothers have fallen. There are two rounds left in the fight this year: the late-summer primaries (importantly, in Massachusetts, Maryland, and New Jersey), and the third-party contests in several constituencies around the country in November.

Few of the peace candidates are likely to unseat incumbents, or win new offices. The closest any has come was in the New York congressional primary between Theodore Weiss and Rep. Leonard Farbstein, which was invalidated in court and must be rewaged this month. That race was in the context of the classical reform-vs.-machine division of New York Democrats, and the peace issue was diluted; Farbstein is not much of a "hawk." In Brooklyn, another reform candidate, Melvin Dubin, made more of his anti-war position against Rep. Abraham Multer, who barely defeated him in the primary. In California, three anti-war incumbents won, and three peace insurgents got about 45 percent of the vote, in their respective congressional primaries.

As things stand now, peace candidates will not have much effect on the course of US foreign policy in Vietnam. But they may have a more subtle significance. As third forces always do, the anti-war "party" has pushed more centrist candidates towards the peace pole. Though his office denies the causal relationship, Rep. Jeffery Cohelan has seemed much more dove-like since his brush with Robert Scheer in the wild primary battle in California's 7th congressional district last spring. Cohelan has turned up on lists of signators to soft-line statements on the war, and he recently tried at the last minute to get on one list as it was being Robotyped; the drafters had not thought to include him because of what they regard as his previous fence-sitting position.

In Maryland's 8th congressional district, peace candidate Seymour Spelman is still an underdog, but he has managed to get Royce Hanson, one of the leading Democratic primary candidates, off dead-center into a somewhat dove-like stance. There are similar examples in New Jersey and Connecticut districts.

But that trend has its backlash, too. Some of it comes from conservative and pro-war elements, who redouble their efforts to defeat the peace candidates. Much of it, particularly in Democratic primaries, also comes from the traditional liberals, who fear that the third-force peaceniks will either allow conservative Democrats to win primaries, or – worse – Republicans to win the general election. Spelman, for instance, takes a position on the war which is quite close to the resolution of the na-

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tional Americans for Democratic Action. But ADA is supporting Hanson, on the two-level theory that only he can beat the more conservative candidates, and that he stands the best chance of winning in November (it is a newly reapportioned district).

Perhaps the most interesting fights are yet to come from the independents. They are not as concerned with electing congressmen as with building permanent anti-war constituencies. By necessity and choice, they must extend their campaigns to include poor people and ghetto-dwellers in their areas, and they soon find that they have the beginnings of an active and militant organization operating across a wide front of issues. The Scheer campaign in Berkeley and Oakland has turned into the Community for New Politics, a coalition of students, ghetto Negroes, and anti-war liberals. The campaign of Robert Cook, an independent congressional candidate in New Haven, is following suit. They won't end the war in Vietnam, but they have already caused cracks in the political power structures that support it.

Juiced for You

The Department of Agriculture plans to spend more than $10 million this year promoting the sale of US agricultural products abroad. Some of the money (a relatively small part) goes toward making motion pictures for distribution to foreign theatres and television. The films are made with the "cooperation" of trade associations eager to have their advertising in other countries paid for by the federal government. Agriculture, for example, spent $6,000 this year in Food For Peace counterpart funds to make *The Giant* for the American Polled Hereford Association. Two other current films are the *Story of American Rice* (for the US Rice Council) and *California – Land of the Year 'Round Sun* (for the California-Arizona Citrus League). The films are made by independent producers to the specifications of the "cooperators" and the USDA. Twenty-seven movies have been made since 1957, promoting everything from Sunkist oranges to the multifarious uses of inedible fat.

The program is not to be confused with the domestic educational film activity of USDA's Motion Picture Service, which has made films on "almost every important subject in agriculture" from *African Horse Sickness* (color, 28½ minutes) to *The REA Story*. Titles in their consumer education series include *Ahead of 'Em All* (cabbage), *An Apple a Day, Bite 'Em and C* (oranges), *Fourteen Carrots, Good Things to Come in Pears, It's a Peach, It's a Snap* (beans), *Juiced for You* (grapefruit), *Onions and More Onions, Potatoes are Appealing*, and *Prunes are Swell*.

Agriculture officials play down their foreign film program, in part because they hate to be pestered with requests for films from the myriad trade associations which might reasonably believe that one good film deserves another.

The movies, most of them little more than protracted commercials dressed up as travelogues, must carry a credit line at the end when they are shown in this country. *World of Pleasure* (Be Happy, Light Up, *NR*, March 5), the controversial film made to promote cigarette smoking, if shown domestically, would end with the statement: "Presented in the public interest by the US Department of Agriculture and the Burley and Dark Leaf Tobacco Export Association, Inc.; Leaf Tobacco Exporters, Inc.; Tobacco Associates, Inc.; and the Virginia Dark-Fired and Sun-Cured Tobacco Export Association, Inc." When a film is shown abroad this tag line is excised. The Department reasons that the soft sell might not be as effective were people to know that it was the National Renderers Association (and the US government) that was plugging Helene Curtis hair spray. They also fear that the films might be regarded as objectionable propaganda and might therefore have trouble passing European censors and licensing authorities. The anonymity of the producers, a USDA official explained, is "essential to assure broad distribution."

World of Pleasure is one film likely never to be seen anywhere. The Senate Commerce Committee, in February, summoned Agriculture Department officials to explain why in the wake of the Surgeon General's report linking smoking and lung cancer USDA felt it could justify trying to hook new smokers in five different languages. The controversy apparently convinced Agriculture not to release the movie. The $106,000 it paid Warner Brothers to make and distribute the film went up in smoke.

Careers in Conservation

Taking care of the nation's natural resources could become a big new business, and it ought to be pushed along with much more enthusiasm by the government as a worthwhile means of employing large numbers of unskilled and uneducated people.

There are a variety of jobs that need doing. Air and water pollution control are two major categories. Nobody knows exactly how many people around the country are involved in water pollution control work, but there are far too few. In New Jersey, for instance, six men in the state health department have the impossible task of keeping track of 750 different sewage outfall pipes. Air pollution work is just beginning. Perhaps 2,000 men around the nation are engaged in controlling air pollution, and conservative estimates sug-

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gest there will be at least 10,000 in 1975.

The waterways are clogged during the summer with eight million pleasure boats, which increasingly run into one another. Last year there were 4,778 accidents, and they resulted in 1,360 deaths. Right now, 4,000 coast guardsmen and state conservation police try to keep an eye on this fleet; but many more people are needed on the beaches and in patrol boats if this sport is not to imitate the mess on the highways.

Conservation work might also be reorganized to make it more effective. For example, both the federal government and the state of New York want to clean up the Hudson River Valley. It would make good sense to assign a force of several thousand people to take care of the valley.

Mr. Udall, the Secretary of Interior, has enthusiastically boosted the new conservation. Perhaps he could work out a project with the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Labor Department, which has training programs, for hiring 1,000 or so unemployed people and training them in water and air pollution control, how to operate small boats, handle forest fires, and so on; and then set them to work caring for the Hudson River Valley. If the idea worked, others could be similarly employed elsewhere.

Lee was Drafted

In the first six months of this year, 67,000 men deserted the South Vietnamese army. This report in the Saigon newspaper, the *Vietnam Guardian*, describing how the draft works in South Vietnam, helps explain why:

"A 299th Engineer Combat Battalion soldier, who is a first generation Japanese-American, recently experienced an embarrassing moment when he was mistakenly drafted into the Vietnamese Army at Qui Nhon.

"Specialist Four Alfred B. Lee, 20, who works as a personnel specialist with Headquarters Company, was leaving Qui Nhon when a Vietnamese army truck stopped further up the road, and a serious looking Vietnamese soldier waved him over with a carbine. Lee, who was in civilian clothes, obeyed the soldier.

"The ARVN soldier began talking, quite unaware that Lee could not understand a word of Vietnamese. Soon Lee was ushered into the truck, in which several Vietnamese civilians were dejectedly sitting. By virtue of sign language he then realized that he had just been drafted into the Army of the Republic of Vietnam.

"Fortunately for SP4 Lee, some of his buddies, who had been watching the scene from inside the nearby 299th Battalion command, rushed down the road with the battalion interpreter, and saved the day by explaining that the apprehended soldier was presently on active duty in the US army."

How To Win The War

What reasonable projections can be made at this date about the future course of the war in Vietnam? The Administration seems to be committed to a Korea-type settlement, with South Vietnam firmly sealed off from its communist neighbor to the north, above the 17th parallel. The National Liberation Front in the south could then be denied supplies and reinforcements from Hanoi. It need never be invited to international negotiation sessions, and its remnants in the south could be finally liquidated by US forces on behalf of Ky's regime. This plan looks to total victory in the south, permanent separation from the north, and a great shoring-up of our "domino" in Saigon with a military oligarchy (as in Taiwan or in South Korea).

President Johnson now suspects that US public opinion needs glamorous results. Simply sending more GI's into the south cannot bring a decisive victory. The South Vietnamese army is now deserting in such numbers that GI replacements will not assure victory. Nor will bombing the north force Hanoi to sue for peace on US terms. As in World War I, after the grinding campaigns in the western trenches, a dramatic outflanking move or lateral escalation (like the Gallipoli feint) is needed to serve as a "win" strategy. MacArthur found one in Korea by his invasion at Inchon Bay, and so nearly ended an interminable war. After the November elections, President Johnson will feel far more free to devise such a campaign, and by then there will be adequate US theater forces in Asia to attempt it.

The US cannot grind on with an endless war of attrition at the cost of nearly $2 billion a month and with mounting casualty lists; nor can it calmly bomb airfields or communications in China, lest Soviet pilots take over the MIG-21 patrols and exact an enormous kill ratio on the US planes. But Ky and his predecessors already have forced the US to preemptive action (after Pleiku and the Tonkin Gulf raids), and now they demand further escalation. It may not be possible to thwart their demands, without them losing their shaky authority over a dissident, war-torn people. The US is now dropping as high a bomb tonnage on Vietnam as we did on Germany at the peak of World War II. This costly effort has created one million refugees in the south – out of a population of 14 million – and it has not been militarily productive.

After the US elections in November, the Joint Chiefs of Staff will surely demand further escalation, if only to justify their previously poor counsels and their new, $58 billion defense budget. The air force's boast that it can end the war by widespread bombing has been discredited, but the army and navy can still emerge as unrelenting hawks; and they have great ability to intimidate Congress. The navy is in a post-Polaris pause

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and needs (with the marines) to demonstrate its skills in "limited war" conflicts. The army has secured a huge budget of $17 billion, much of it for planes and paratroops, and it needs to reassert itself over the air force. Both the army and navy will probably press, therefore, for dramatic "win-the-war" initiatives.

Once US forces in Vietnam pass the 400,000 target in December, it may be thought possible to outflank the Viet Cong in the south by launching an invasion of North Vietnam 100 miles north of the 17th parallel, where the country is less than 50 miles wide. Seizing the initiative to cut the Ho Chi Minh trails, as they lead through the Mu Gia Pass (which our B-52's bomb regularly) or through nearby Laos, would turn a frustrating war into an offensive. The purposes of such a campaign would be to interdict the passage of all men and supplies going south; to crack the will of the north to keep fighting; to demonstrate US nerve in smashing another escalation threshold; and to expose the Soviets and Chinese as "paper tigers."

The risks of such an action would be enormous: 400,000 men in the North Vietnamese army would sweep down on our air-drop and sea-landing positions, perhaps with guarantees given in advance by China to defend Hanoi and Haiphong against any US ground attacks. The Soviets might enter the air war on a massive scale, with skilled volunteer pilots, in which case a nuclear confrontation would soon become vital. But any alternative tactics available to the US are far less impressive or useful as outflanking moves: closing Haiphong harbor to Soviet ships, or selectively bombing China, or intensifying the war as it is now being run.

That the President and the Joint Chiefs are now engaged in contingency planning along these lines is not at all improbable. Ky has already called for an invasion of the north and for war with China, too. Secretary Rusk could not oblige 47 liberal congressmen who asked him officially to repudiate Ky's suggestion.

The feasibility of an invasion (or some equally monstrous gamble) must now look dangerously tempting to our thwarted domino-strategists, and to the military theologians who monopolize patriotism.

To arrest the lunge to escalation requires a radical change in policy attitudes; no such change is in sight. The United Nations cannot save the situation for us; nor will the proposed "all Asia" conference do so, if it seats only our friends and none of our adversaries. The Soviet Union cannot be expected to reconvene the Geneva Conference of which it was joint chairman with Britain so long as the United States refuses to talk directly with the National Liberation Front.

Walter Goldstein

Mr. Goldstein *is Visiting Professor in International Relations at New York University.*

Why Hough Got Tough—the Real Agitators

Cleveland

Mayor Ralph S. Locher still holds a Cleveland grand jury did right to blame professional agitators including communists for the city's riots in July. But when Attorney General Katzenbach stated that poverty rather than organized extremism was the real villain lurking behind the race riots in Cleveland's Hough (it rhymes with "tough"), his conclusions came as no surprise to the community at large; many segments of Cleveland's metropolitan area had expressed dismay and disbelief at the myopic report of the Cuyahoga County grand jury. Their dissent was fortified when Mr. Katzenbach told a Senate subcommittee investigating the "crisis in our cities" that the true agitators are "disease and despair, joblessness and hopelessness, rat-infested housing and long-impacted cynicism." This was a far cry indeed from the findings of the Cleveland investigating body, which attributed the shooting, looting and firebombing to a hard-core cadre of professional troublemakers and stressed the need for new state laws against organized inciters.

The grand jury report said: "This jury finds that the outbreak of lawlessness and disorder was both organized, precipitated and exploited by a relatively small group of trained and disciplined professionals at this business. They were aided and abetted, wittingly or otherwise, by misguided people of all ages and colors, many of whom are avowed believers in violence and extremism, and some of whom also are either members of or officers in the Communist Party."

Many other statements poured forth in the aftermath of the harrowing, week-long events that left four persons dead and 50 injured. There were pronouncements from business and civic promoters ("this shameful blot on our community . . ."), statements from spokesmen for action groups ("we demand a courageous answer to these outrages . . ."), and sad, startled words of retreat from the well-intentioned committees for improvement which abound in slums (". . . just when we were making such remarkable progress.") But, short of the riots themselves, nothing offended thousands of Clevelanders so much as the hollow ring of the statement they waited for three weeks to hear – the grand jury post-mortem, with its scapegoat overtones and with only a passing nod to the infamous conditions of Hough that spawned the July riots.

Some of the dissenters to the grand jury's diagnosis are former residents of Hough and, like New Yorkers who are linked by bonds of loyalty and sentiment to

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the lower East Side, they are vitally concerned with the rot in the heart of their city – even though they have long since fled to the suburbs. Many of them lived in Hough during its middle years, somewhere between its opulence and the squalor of its slums, when it was a neighborhood of Italian and Jewish immigrants and of middle-class Negroes. They remember when mid-city living was a rich and lively experience rather than a calculated risk, and they deplore the great American metropolitan blight.

Hough (so named for its major thoroughfare) is a millionaire's row turned into skid row. The visible remnants of elegance only intensify the aura of decay. Its two square miles hold 60,000 Negroes and a handful of whites in homes that are an intermingling of turn-of-century mansions and later tenements. The homes that once held Cleveland's most affluent families have been carved by slum landlords into egg-crate cubicles. The fine shops that once lined the avenues were converted by slum merchants into neon-glaring markets; many of these stores stand charred and empty after the burning and looting, and many of the owners say they will not rebuild, that they have had enough of Hough.

The city's three major cultural landmarks (Cleveland prides itself on a strong cultural tradition) stand on the fringes of Hough. On the northern perimeter is the Cleveland Play House, oldest professional resident theatre in America. To the east are Severance Hall, home of the world-famous Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, and the Cleveland Museum of Art. These buildings heighten the shabbiness around them.

Less than for Shade Trees

Hough decay appalls city officials as well as Hough residents. The Cleveland housing commissioner says flatly that it is impossible to enforce the city's housing code. There isn't enough money. His budget for this year is $425,000, which is less than the amount allotted to the city's shade tree department. "We started in the hole and we're slipping backward," he said in an interview. At the time of the riots his small staff was 14,500 inspections behind schedule. Even flagrant violations of the city's housing code have remained undetected for years.

This commissioner was not among the 40 witnesses summoned to testify when the grand jury was preparing its report. The investigating group did listen attentively, however, to the testimony of two 26-year-old rookie policemen who became undercover agents for Cleveland's subversive squad late last year, after they had completed their training at the city's police academy. At a press conference following the grand jury report, the young policemen described their year's activities, which were awesome in scope – communist-front meetings, picket-line duty, state conventions, national conferences. Both men were so successful as pseudo-leftists that they quickly became officers of their groups. "It was a pretty small group," one reported, "so you were nominated and elected without opposition."

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* in a page one headline shouted: "Spies Bare Red Work." But when pressed for specific statements linking organized groups with the riot, both policemen said they had no personal knowledge of direct communist involvement. Their disclosures ended their secret roles, and their testimony also terminated their rookie status; after a hectic round of radio and TV appearances, both were promoted to the rank of detective, but not before their candor to the press had taken the wind out of the grand jury's sails. The Cleveland *Press* took issue with the grand jury's report, despite the fact that grand jury foreman Louis B. Seltzer is former editor of the *Press*. "The danger in the jury report," a *Press* editorial said, "is that the larger community will feel communists and some other extremists caused the whole mess. . . . It's hard to believe that so few people wreaked so much havoc." Bertram E. Gardner, Negro director of Cleveland's Municipal Community Relations Board, called the grand jury accusations "an attempt by the white community to escape responsibility. The living conditions were the things that caused the riots," he said. "They [the rioters] didn't need any communists to tell them they're suffering. I think the grand jury report represents generally the average white man's emotional blindness against the real causes and leads him up the flowery path to other causes" that will free him from the need to accept some of the responsibility himself.

While controversy over the report continued, a young Negro housewife was discharged from a Cleveland hospital after a three-week stay. Her right eye had been shot out during the riots. She joined her two young children, who were recovering at home from bullet wounds. Her husband voiced the despair of many Hough families when he said: "As soon as I can manage it I want to move my family away from Cleveland." He said he has no idea where he will go, but he has little faith in a future in Cleveland. He will find little encouragement in Attorney General Katzenbach's report, which warned that 30 to 40 other cities in the nation are potential riot areas.

Langston Hughes, the Negro poet who grew up in Cleveland, once wrote about "the quarter of the Negroes where the pressure of the blood is slightly higher due to smoldering shadows that sometimes turn to fire." As it did in Watts and in Chicago, that fire finally came to Cleveland.

RUTH FISCHER

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Top Brass in Brazil

by Milan J. Kubic

Rio de Janeiro

Less than four weeks before the October 3 presidential elections, Brazil, where politics normally pulsate like the samba, is as quiet as a ruptured drum. Not an election poster has been printed, no political commercials interrupt the TV soap operas, not a single sound truck pleads for votes on street corners.

The one and only hopeful, who recently stepped down as war minister to become "full-time" candidate, spends his mornings at home in the Copacabana suburb of Rio and only at 3 p.m. arrives in his unlittered, unharried and all-but-unknown campaign headquarters in a nearby apartment building. An urbane 63-year-old who rarely takes off his oversized sunglasses, he patiently hears out visiting politicians, exchanges *abraços* with generals and beamingly chats with businessmen and industrialists. At 7 p.m. he swaps parting jokes with the colonels and captains who make up his staff, steps into a polished elevator, and returns to his beachside apartment. Except for an assassination attempt which interrupted one of his stump trips (a time-bomb killed two people and wounded 13) his "campaign" has gone all but unnoticed.

Marshal Arthur da Costa e Silva, who will take office next March 15, has no need for more exertion. As candidate of the National Revolution Alliance (ARENA), he is assured election by at least 290 of the 475 federal senators and deputies whom the current regime has made stand-ins for the 20 million voters. The minority Brazilian Democratic Movement (MBD), which has refused to dignify the race by putting up its own candidate, will probably provide additional votes. "Let's face it," says the robust, wavy-haired former tank commander, who occasionally excels in candor, "nobody worries any more about the elections."

Yet until recently he campaigned as hard as any politician. His race started a year ago, when President Humberto de Alencar Castelo Branco announced the names of eight heirs apparent who, he said, could be entrusted with the anti-inflationary and anti-communist program of his "revolutionary" government. The prim, respected chief executive was himself a marshal, but his successors list included only two active soldiers and the name of Costa e Silva, mentioned next to last, was hedged in with warnings about his "political inexperience" and "incompatibility" with some circles in the Congress. In effect, the president made plain that while he recognized his war minister's right to bid for the office in behalf of the all-powerful army, he hoped for a nonmilitary candidate.

Costa e Silva, who in 1964 helped overthrow the leftist and economically ruinous ex-president Joao Goulart, at first took the hint. But last October the military-run government lost eight of 11 gubernatorial races, and an important group of radical officers accused Castelo Branco of "weakness." The president quickly scrapped all political parties, extended his special punitive powers and threw the next elections into the rubberstamp Congress. But it was Costa e Silva who faced down the young hotheads and who emerged from the crisis greatly strengthened. Aware of his new importance, he declared himself a few weeks later a "candidate for a candidate."

The move was denounced by Castelo Branco's aides as "premature," and the president coldly denied Costa e Silva his backing. But the war minister's bandwagon was on the move, and he kept it rolling. To primp up his congressional image, he spent more time in Brasília, and in a single week turned his earthy charm on 150 deputies. Did someone suggest that despite his 40 years in the army he was ignorant? The war minister took to reading the collected speeches of John F. Kennedy and quoted from them to the newsmen. Told that his appearance was too military, he took to wearing grey suits. And he deflated Castelo Branco's opposition by declaring himself the president's truest disciple. "I am but a simple citizen and a simple soldier [who asks] for the right to go on being a follower of the patriotic work already begun by . . . Castelo Branco," he told the ARENA convention last May. His nomination was nearly unanimous.

The president kept his stony silence, but the press was bitter. *Jornal do Brazil*, Rio's most influential newspaper, found "nothing in [the general's speech] beyond ready-made clichés and generalities," while the opposition *Correio da Manha* labeled the promises "vague," sentences "disconnected," and the whole speech "superfluous." A columnist in the *Diario de Notícias* pilloried Costa e Silva as "without ideas," and urged him to "hide."

MILAN J. KUBIC *is the chief Latin American correspondent of* Newsweek.

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The speech wasn't really that bad. But the government's painfully austere anti-inflationary program was running into endless booby traps, and more of the same was hardly what the country wanted. When Planning Minister Roberto Campos cut credit, industrial growth dropped from 3 percent in 1964 to 1.6 percent in 1965. Nature added another touch of irony by producing a record coffee crop whose storage costs ran over $100 million, while steady rains in other parts of the country destroyed one-third of all planted beans, thus driving sky-high the prices of Brazil's main staple. As a result, while the government boasted $600 million in reserves and the first balanced budget in modern Brazilian history, the inflation continued at the rate of 30 percent a year, far above the permitted wage raises.

With understandable bitterness, labor unions rejected out of hand Campos' proposal to modernize their retirement system; and housewives, who only two-and-a half years earlier demonstrated against Goulart, now organized demonstrations in which rosary-wielding matrons denounced high food prices. Students turned the traditional freshman razzing into political "silence marches" which invariably became noisy protests against the government. And Costa e Silva, as the advocate of continued belt-tightening, became the target of dozens of jokes portraying him as a bumbling simpleton.

The son of a modest grocer in Tapuarí, a small town in Rio Grande do Sul, Costa e Silva helped his detractors by such tongue-slipping as his repeated references to the Dominican Republic as "the republic of Santo Domingo," and by his widely publicized addiction to TV thrillers, crossword puzzles and 50-cent horse-bets. But neither his bulbous nose, nor his canasta sessions with cronies, nor his propensity for short work days mattered in the eyes of the 12,000 army officers, to whom he was a typical member of their breed. "He is a solid soldier whom we can trust," was the typical comment of a colonel.

A lifelong soldier who married a general's daughter, Costa e Silva has earned this loyalty. A participant in most military upheavals since he turned 20, he passed all the milestones of a Brazilian officer, including a training stint in 1944 with the Armored School in Fort Knox, Ky., and two years as military attaché in Buenos Aires, where he became a friend of General Juan Carlos Ongania, the new Argentine strong man. As Castelo Branco's war minister, he won for the army two pay raises in as many years, launched a housing program for officers and sergeants, and opened a $20-million fund for social welfare and military equipment. And throughout his presidential "campaign," he stressed his military allegiance. "I may be weak politically," he told three senior army marshals in a public bid for their backing, "but my 'party' is the army, and it is strong."

In the end, Castelo Branco bowed to this reality. Accepting Costa e Silva's resignation last July 1, the president eulogized the candidate's "model military spirit" and gave him the long-denied endorsement. "I am personally grateful to [you] as old comrade, companion of the revolution and chief of a government with whose destiny [you're] so nobly identified," he said.

Costa e Silva's foreign policy is expected to be based on an alliance with the US in return for economic aid. "We belong, so to speak, to the western 'party'," he told me in a recent interview. "We are perfectly allied with the US, but we trust that the American people and government understand that we need their help. American aid is in the interest of both countries – write this down, now – because the existence of a strong Brazil will mean security for the US continental policy. The axis US-Brazil has to be strengthened."

But on domestic issues he is contradictory and drifts into clichés. Though he has repeatedly promised to make the workingman the "chief concern" of his government, labor leaders have less access to him than most other groups, and have no apparent influence. Despite his pledges to continue Campos' program, his closest economic advisers are businessmen who preach a "flexible" credit policy, and the planning minister's departure from the government is taken for granted. And, though pledging to install a "civilian" government, Costa e Silva plainly remains a full-fledged member of the military fraternity.

He calls his occasional weekend trips "dialogues with the people," but one Brazilian newsman grumbled, "This is a trip of a Roman commander through the captive provinces." Costa e Silva adds to his aloof image by avoiding anybody but local VIP's, and by speeding through market crowds which would be irresistible even to the most marginal politician. But he insists that he will be the president of "all Brazilians." He said during a relaxed interview in his modern headquarters in Rio, "The big historical role of my government will be to consolidate the 1964 revolution. Return of full democracy. You understand? Redemocratization of the country without new overthrows, without violence."

All Latin America will watch his progress. Essentially, the Brazilian problem is the same as that of Argentina and Bolivia, where social revolutions of earlier decades disintegrated into chaos marked by inflation, government deficits, labor unrest and pulverization of political parties. In all three countries the military, as the only remaining power, filled the vacuum by toppling the weak presidents. At their head was a new breed of generals, typified by Costa e Silva, who saw drastic economic measures and enforced electoral pause as the only way out of the crisis.

Brazil, which has been testing these ideas longest,

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has made – if haltingly – some economic progress. Despite the belt-tightening pains and the setbacks last year, inflation is much lower than under Goulart, and foreign investors are earmarking over $200 million for petrochemical, aluminum and automobile plants. But the political solution is a different matter. There is little doubt that Costa e Silva will keep control of Congress, whose carefully managed November elections are expected to return an ARENA majority. And though Castelo Branco's special punitive powers will expire the day he leaves office, a constitution, now under draft, will give the next president plentiful powers to control most troublemakers. The marshal's four-year term may well be as quiet as his campaign.

But to make good on his "redemocratization" promise, Costa e Silva would have to win the confidence of the country. And in this respect, his obstacles will be great. "We listen to the generals talking about 'elections' and we don't even find it funny," a newspaper editor said, expressing the prevailing skepticism. "We're bored by their 'campaign.' We care for them about as much as they care for us."

McNamara's Salvation Army

There are 14 million men in the United States between the ages of 19 and 26 who are theoretically eligible for military service. How many of them actually are "available" to meet the escalating draft calls (46,000 men in October, the highest since Korea) is a matter of shifting definition. Over the past year the Defense Department has announced a number of piecemeal changes in standards which have increased both the manpower pool and the anxiety of men who have deferments.

Since 1958 many men have been rejected on mental grounds who would have been found acceptable earlier. Altogether about 600,000 men flunk the physical and mental tests each year. Now standards of induction are again being lowered. Two recent adjustments in the passing score on the Armed Forces Qualifying Test were supposed to net 40,000 men, and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara has decided he can "salvage" another 40,000 volunteers in the next 10 months (and more later) by further relaxing standards and giving special training and medical care to overcome educational and medical deficiencies.

The plan outlined by Mr. McNamara in his speech to the Veterans of Foreign Wars on August 23 is as much an adjunct to the War on Poverty as it is to the war in Vietnam. Whether it will do something *for* the poor or *to* the poor depends on how you feel about military service and about a system that will still largely exempt the affluent and educated.

McNamara said that "the poor in America have not had the opportunity to earn their fair share of this nation's abundance, but they can be given an opportunity to serve in their country's defense. . . ." But the opportunity to serve, despite the advantages it might have in developing skills useful on the outside, is a dubious opportunity in the context of a system that allows many the opportunity not to serve. Making the nation's disadvantaged fit to kill, without closing the loopholes through which the advantaged flee to safety, will not make an equitable national service.

The problem of the military reject is part of the problem of poverty in America. According to the Secretary, the "vast majority" of the 600,000 men rejected annually are part of the "subterranean poor"; they are victims of inadequate health services and bad schools. McNamara would give some of them – a hundred thousand a year when the project really gets going – a chance to fight in Vietnam and, at the same time, an opportunity to learn a trade which will be useful to them when they go back to the slums.

To accomplish this he would make use of the huge educational potential of the Defense Department, which he calls "the largest single educational complex the world has ever possessed." In his VFW speech, the Secretary rattled off impressive statistics about his War College: 2,000 professional training courses for enlisted men, $90 million a year spent to educate military dependents in the ninth largest US school system, a million students enrolled in 30 correspondence schools, 258,000 students in the Armed Forces Institute. He seemed to be saying that if the Pentagon can do these things, it can certainly deal with the special problems of educating 100,000 men to pass the AFQT. With closed-circuit TV and programmed learning, it should be a cinch.

Before 1958 the services routinely took a lot of men who would now qualify for McNamara's salvation army. And the results were not particularly encouraging. The navy had to discharge from training more than 13 percent of the men in the lowest mental category of its recruits, while only two percent of the men in the highest category flunked out of boot camp. The air force discharged as unsuitable 16 percent in the low group, three percent in the highest. Of air force men who completed their tour of duty, 42 percent in the low mental group couldn't qualify for reenlistment, whereas the failure rate among the high group was only 10 percent. Even if McNamara does as well as he predicts, even if he succeeds with 85 percent of the men singled out for salvage, he will still be failing with 15,000 men a year.

One indirect effect of McNamara's plans will be to implement one of the recommendations of the controversial Moynihan Report on the Negro family, which suggested that the army could solve many of the young

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Negro's problems. Fully 30 percent of the men set for "salvage" are Negroes. The Moynihan Report argued that military service "is the only experience open to the Negro American in which he is truly treated as an equal." It added that the military provides discipline which Negroes from broken homes have lacked, and prescribed the army as "a dramatic and desperately needed change: a world away from women, a world run by strong men of unquestioned authority, where discipline, if harsh, is nonetheless orderly and predictable, and where rewards, if limited, are granted on the basis of performance."

The Defense Department in addition to being big in the education business is big in the war business. Sending poor people – a disproportionate number of them Negroes – off to fight in Vietnam, while allowing the more affluent and better educated to stay at home parlaying one deferment into another, isn't going to iron out the inequities in the draft. And despite the Defense Department's educational credentials, is it really the appropriate agency to make up for the failures of the schools and of the nation's health services?

The McNamara scheme, which apparently doesn't need a congressional appropriation this year to become operative, is an old idea, one already thrown out by Congress. The STEP program (Specialized Training and Enlistment Program), which Congress rejected last year, was to train and rehabilitate 15,000 substandard army volunteers at a special camp at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri. That plan was opposed, Senator Richard Russell (D., Ga.) said, because it smacked too much of "social and economic reform that should be handled by other agencies."

Programs already exist outside of the Defense Department to help youths who flunk their physical and mental tests. The health referral program of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare tells medical rejects what's wrong with them, and sends them to a doctor. The National Committee on Children and Youth, an outgrowth of a 1960 White House Conference, is under contract to the Labor Department to provide job training to boys in the Baltimore-Washington area who tried without success to get into the service. Since 1964, NCCY has offered classes to volunteers who can't pass the army's enlistment screening test. About 85 percent of them learn enough to get into the service, into more advanced job training, or to return to school. The NCCY is now training employment service people from Rochester, Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles and San Antonio, so they can start their own programs. The Labor Department sends men to 50 preinduction centers on examination days to discuss various government programs with those who fail draft tests. In this way unemployed youths, many of them school dropouts, are channeled into such programs as the Job Corps.

Sargent Shriver, the Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, is scared that the McNamara proposals will be seen as eliminating the need for the Job Corps. "Two years ago," he said, "the 'experts' scoffed when we said exactly what the Secretary of Defense says today. But now that such a distinguished leader of our military effort endorses our position so eloquently, I am sure that public opinion will change. In fact, I predict that all the conservatives, in and out of Congress, who have attacked Job Corps centers when managed by American industrial corporations, educational institutions, private foundations, and the government itself, will suddenly approve of a similar program run by the military authorities. These conservatives will also cry out that the Job Corps is no longer needed now, because the army can do a better job with the same youngsters." He went on to say that, in fact, overlaps in "clientele" for his Job Corps and McNamara's war corps would be few. McNamara will be getting the 1-Y's – young men who are marginally unfit and normally considered qualified for military service only in a declared war or national emergency. The Job Corps, on the other hand, gets the more hard core 4-F's, who will be untouched by McNamara's salvage.

The Job Corps, nevertheless, has served to prepare many young men for military service. Shriver says that 30 percent of all enrollees enter the military "even though the vast majority were totally ineligible before." And the Job Corps has the advantage that it is completely voluntary: "Those who join volunteer freely. They succeed because they want to succeed. Such motivation does not come with compulsory training."

David Sanford

Russia and the Moon

There is growing cause to speculate that the Soviets have quietly withdrawn from the "space race" for the first manned landing on the moon, if indeed they ever were committed to this as a near-term goal.

National Aeronautics and Space Administration officials are not likely to admit these doubts publicly, lest it prompt Congress to cut back on the agency's multi-billion-dollar lunar landing program. The fast-fading Soviet-manned space effort is greatly complicating the agency's effort to find a suitable "encore" manned-space program to follow its present Apollo project.

It has been 18 months since the Russians launched their last manned spacecraft, Voshkod 2, the longest void since the USSR put the first man in orbit on April 12, 1961. During this 18-month period, the US has launched eight two-man Gemini spacecraft, equal to the total number of manned spacecraft launched by the

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Russians. Gemini 7 alone accumulated 30 percent more man-hours in space than all Soviet spacecraft combined.

Eighteen months ago the story was quite different. At that time Russian orbital man-hours were 10 times the total the US had then achieved. During the past three years, the Russians have launched only two multi-passenger spacecraft, each of which remained in orbit for barely more than a day – only a small fraction of the duration of a lunar landing mission.

If the Russians are to make a manned lunar landing, they must either build and test a gigantic rocket booster which stands as high as a 50-story building, or develop techniques that will enable a spacecraft to rendezvous in earth orbit, to permit use of a smaller booster. There is no evidence that they have built a giant booster, and the long-expected Russian attempt to rendezvous has yet to be made. The US achieved the first space rendezvous with Gemini 6 and 7 last December.

In retrospect, there is circumstantial evidence to suggest that the Soviets may have made their decision nearly three years ago not to invest the billions of rubles needed to race for the moon. It was during the summer of 1963 that Soviet space scientists sent up their initial trial balloon, suggesting the possibility of a joint USSR-US lunar exploration program. At first, the US did not take it seriously. The Russians then appeared to hold a strong lead in manned-space operations, and there seemed little reason for them to want to share their advantage. (*NR*, Oct. 5, 1963)

President Kennedy responded by observing that "really meaningful" collaboration "would require a good deal of inspection on both sides and there is no evidence that the Soviet Union is prepared to accept that." But then in September, 1963, when the same suggestion was made to a space agency official by a top Soviet scientist, Kennedy embraced the idea of a joint program in a proposal to the United Nations, only to be greeted by official silence from Moscow.

It now seems likely that Russian space scientists, watching the US pour billions of dollars into the design of giant rocket boosters, test-and-launch facilities and lunar spacecraft, must have gone to Premier Khrushchev with something like this ultimatum: Either give us the necessary funds and technical manpower to match the American program, or else publicly withdraw from the lunar landing race.

The choice must have been a difficult one for Khrushchev. He relished the international prestige that Russian space spectaculars had achieved in the early years of the space age, but he had far more pressing demands for Soviet resources. Perhaps it was Khrushchev himself who suggested the possibility of a joint program, for this was the new era of "understanding" that followed on the heels of the Cuban confrontation.

Why then did Soviet interest in a cooperative lunar program suddenly cool? Probably because the Soviet military pressed for more practical applications of space technology, such as photo reconnaissance satellites to pinpoint the location of US missile pads and other strategic targets. The US had been the first to exploit space for military reconnaissance, with our Samos satellites. These had provided the first hard evidence that the Russians had failed to capitalize on their early lead in intercontinental ballistic missiles, and that the "missile gap" had evaporated.

Our reconnaissance satellites had long rankled the Soviet military, as shown by their public writings and by the Soviet Union's frequent condemnation of "spy satellites" at the United Nations, until later when the USSR had developed its own counterparts. The Soviet military might have argued that Russian resources could more fruitfully be applied to these and other military space missions, such as communications and navigation satellites, rather than to a lunar landing program. The US Air Force unofficially takes a dim view of the Apollo moon program; it would much prefer to spend the money itself, on military spacecraft. Insofar as a joint program was concerned, the Russian military must certainly have cited President Kennedy's earlier statement about "inspection," and argued that the US would use any joint lunar program to obtain information on Soviet rockets.

When Khrushchev was removed several months later, the new Soviet leadership had enough problems without facing up to the hard choice between an all-out lunar landing program and public withdrawal from the race, with the loss of prestige that would entail. Probably they told Soviet space scientists to try to "make-do," to accomplish as many space spectaculars as they could with modifications of existing rockets and spacecraft until such time as additional resources might be spared.

Judging from events of the last several years, this is the most logical explanation. The Soviets successfully launched and impacted a spacecraft on Venus, and after four unsuccessful attempts they finally made a successful soft landing on the moon early this year, and sent back a handful of mediocre television pictures of its landscape. The most recent Luna 11 is the second Russian spacecraft placed in orbit around the moon. But these and other Soviet space shots could be accomplished with existing rockets and launch facilities.

Meanwhile, the Russian military have sharply increased their launch of reconnaissance satellites. These are readily identified by the fact that they are placed in very low-altitude orbits, and the films are recovered after approximately eight days in orbit. The number of Russian reconnaissance satellite launches has increased by at least 50 percent each year for the past three years.

Raymond D. Senter

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The President and the Press Secretary

by Marquis W. Childs

With his cool, ironic temper, his disciplined detachment, the late President Kennedy would surely take an amused view of the way in which he is being enshrined. It was not that he scorned popular acclaim. His intense competitiveness, the drive to win in politics as in touch football, was one reason he achieved his triumph.

But there was always the sense that

With Kennedy
by Pierre Salinger
(Doubleday; $5.95)

having come through so much he knew the exact worth of each reward. Partly this was hard-headed realism bordering on cynicism. More important, however, was his understanding of the limits of power and the way in which those limits were prescribed by what had gone before. In short, he had a view of the world and his place in it that was seldom clouded by his own vanity or by the rhetoric of the cold war.

Their devotion matched by their discretion, his followers – in their haste to record their tributes – are in danger of creating a plaster image as banal as the countless souvenirs mass produced in the aftermath of the President's assassination. The best of the Kennedy books so far, *A Thousand Days*, by Arthur Schlesinger Jr., narrowly skirts this danger. Mr. Schlesinger has a villain in Dean Rusk and the State Department, but it must seem at times that this is only to make the hero and his loyal men look larger by contrast.

For Pierre Salinger there were no villains. In his memoir discretion overcomes devotion. On balance, we have more of Salinger than of Kennedy, and even though he was closely associated with the President we are unfortunately given no new insights. We have Salinger and the press, Salinger and Khrushchev, Salinger and Lyndon Johnson. But of Salinger and Kennedy there is all too little in terms that might illuminate the President's approach to the complex relationship between the communications media and the office of the Presidency. Mr. Salinger was with Kennedy but it often appears that he was a long way in the rear.

The author says that Kennedy was well qualified to be his own press secretary, and with that judgment no one can disagree. The late President had a remarkable and wide-ranging knowledge of the whole apparatus of publicity. During his Presidency it was widely believed that he was in fact his own press secretary. Certainly he kept a watchful and often a critical eye on the ebullient Mr. Salinger. Once when he saw him on television as he briefed correspondents around a pool at Palm Beach dressed in shorts, the President said, "Get back into long pants, you haven't got the legs for shorts."

There is no more onerous and frustrating job in the entire government than that of press secretary to the President. Its demands and exactions, to my knowledge, have shortened the lives of three men who held the office. Some of this comes out in the Salinger memoir. While he was faulted by the White House regulars for wrong middle initials and all too often a blithe indifference to facts, they were devoted to him for his buoyant good humor and skill in championing his principal while at the same time placating the ravening wolves of the press corps whom he faced across his desk twice each day. Their nickname for him was Plucky Pierre and that, in a somewhat bowdlerized form, is the picture that comes through in *With Kennedy*.

The book sheds little light on the baffling and complex problem of the relationship between government and the press in the era of the cold war. Mr. Salinger reviews the handling of the news during the Cuban missile crisis and its aftermath. From earlier narratives the inescapable conclusion is that complete secrecy was essential to give the President an opportunity for maneuver in the face of a danger greater than the world had ever known before. But how to insure that secrecy in a free society with a demanding and competitive press is no clearer now than it was on the final day of that fearful week. After leaks attributed to official sources had been widely printed, Mr. Salinger quotes the President as saying, "How can we expect the press to cooperate with us when people at Defense and State put out information we are asking the press not to publish?" All the post-mortems, as the author shows, merely share out the blame with charges of "secrecy," "lying," "managed news."

Perhaps because they are both now removed from the public scene the Khrushchev-Salinger encounter has an air of unreality. Why, one asks, should Plucky Pierre have been sent to Moscow to sound the ruler of all the Russians? On the face of it this is improbable. There is something comic about Khrushchev leading Salinger on an endless march in a cold drizzle through the gloomy forest surrounding the Premier's dacha. Initially the objective had been to try to get agreement for a televised debate between Kennedy and Khrushchev in which they would speak out on the issues of the cold war. It was an excellent idea that came to nothing in the chill following the series of Soviet nuclear tests in the atmosphere breaking an informal truce.

But this is the stuff of the memoirs that are currently one of the most marketable commodities in publishing, and Salinger makes the most of it. Many more books are in the works and historians of the future will have reason to be grateful for the flood of narrative purporting to give an inside view of the crowded years of the Kennedy Presidency. Theirs will be the task of sifting through this raw material and separating fact from the fancies of those who see themselves a little larger than life at the side of a

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hero who in his death became a splendid symbol of the longing of a sick world for the lost hope of youthful courage and dedication.

We are much too close to have any idea of how the score will look when so much that is trivial and irrelevant is sheared away. In the last year of his life Kennedy had made a start. He had begun to chart the bold course that was visible in his most heroic utterance, the commencement address at American University. Above all, it is the cruel brevity of his span of authority that emerges from even the most superficial account of those years. This gives a poignancy to the small details that filled in the hours between the lightning and the drums. I for one am sorry that in Mr. Salinger's narrative we seldom see the President except in the public attitudes already so well known. This may be the penalty of writing in the immediate aftermath of great events and with the admonitory eye of the worshipful survivors sternly fixed on one's manuscript.

Six Shaggy

by Reed Whittemore

Shaggy

Once upon a time, a long time not ago, in Flint, Mish.,
Lived a man who was very affluent and well-to-do and rish
With six sweet children lovely and long shiny motor cars three
And a wife *charmante* and a home *charmante* and a thoroughly life happy,
When in the midst mist leafy of a Flint-gorgeous warful Fall
Pronto this man popped out with symptoms several of withdrawal.
Not that! A thousand times never! If nothing he saw,
Nor aught heard, yet morals him gird so in US Of Awe law
That rose he from *chaise* to posture of possibly speaking
To blurb, "Bomb Hanoi. Bomb Peking."
It was as if built had rish burgher (as business expense)
Around him a fence,
Behind which as in age golden he reclined in or in sat
In his own burgher eden garden armed to his hat
Where was stirring forever *nyet*, but abounding the peace
That his was in sickness tragical to fight without no cease.
So his wife in arms up his specialist soonest summoned
Who came with bag *grande* and chest and knee burgher drummed on
And asked sweetly burgher if sweet loyal burgher were *there?*
But alack, burgher weren't. In garden were. C'were *la guerre.*

Mebbe Soon Rickshaw Shaggy

Mebbe in China soon on some ole junk
In middle of Yangtze as go clunk clunk
Ze mandolin from shore of ole Yangtze,
Some kind ole warlord fix it with chief Commie
To bring back Chiang Kai-shek from cross ze sea,
And give ze freedom back to poor coolie,
And give Good Earth again stability,
Where sip ze tea and talk philosophy
(On nice ole junk as mandolin clunk clunk),
And mebbe get US change policy.

Give Shaggy

Once upon a time when man begun
To fight his fellow man with all them big gun
And them bomb,
And bomb got big and *dangereux*, then come
Much talk not use big bomb, or use not much,
But use ze old small bomb, or use small leaflet and like such.
Mixed in was money talk, how fellow men,
If put in clover were, be pronto frien',
At which some old wise guy jump up, act funny
And rave, "If give you must give more you must than money."
Den walk away!
So den much argue what ze old guy say:
Give quarter? Give *no* quarter? – so fight
Long into night
And tempers hotted up like lectric light,
Till one heap big-voice chief say what to do
Was give ze works to fellow men: give bomb *and* dough.

So did. But plan no good. Ze fellow men
Got foeful fierce and heap much bad words pen.
So chiefs got mad and said them words not nize
And said old wise guy best been shot sunrise.

– How come them dumb no *get* ze wise guy's wise?

Geneva Shaggy

Upon a time there wast Geneva once,
Of truces full, and peaces, and spy hunts.
Oh city *belle* of lake and alp – the works –
Oh Geneva, whence then cometh now these smirks
On all the pippul's faces when thy name
Be dropped like as if it ill of fame?

Geneva oh, Genevah oh!
Wast it League of Nations or Conventions laidst thou low?
Why peace with thee to make, man nohow able?
What wilt thou dost with all them conf'rence table?

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A Diversion: Modern American Nature Poet Shaggy

Once upon a time, only quite recent, in a truth moment,
A poet *pauvre* struggling his fame to foment
To somewhat and more, hired a van
Out to move him *en toute famille* on the *autobahn*
To pasture new where his oaten stuff cd be heard
Farder than like he were *lumpenprole* merely bird,
And so on. So the van *kommt* and got loaded
And loaded
With all the goods worldly of poet fomenting real *pauvre*
And pasture for forth set. Pasture flowed over,
But anyhow poet to work quick and pomes chinee rural writ
On typer electric to sheepfold and all the *wunderbar* it
Folded: ze images and ze basics ze eyes cd essential
When *beschwingled* were not by pot-and-pan Kulch by the vanful.
See! So life *mit* the sad sheep
Did heap many riches *mit* critics and publishers reap,
And hollywood heavenward poet no longer *pauvre* ran.
Sheep also ran.

Sad Postscript Shaggy

"The thought of 'those American boys' being labelled war criminals, he [President Johnson] said, was 'deplorable and repulsive'." – NEWS ITEM

Once upon what time would loyal USA boy
Be Commie?
If boy said loyal bomb kill "peaceful citizen,"
That's when.
And if that muddle youth shd madly add then (oh fie)
That him who drop bomb crime done did, that lie
Would die
For no one else to speak it but Hanoi.

Rule 1: all US soldier: boy.
Rule 2: no boy Hanoi.

But are we Red Cross knights not mucky lucky
That rules is side of always our boys plucky?
And labels like such "criminal" the thought yet
So righteous we that never have we thunk *nyet*?
For hearkened we to speakspooks we might find
Our bomber boys did but as Dad opined.
Come label then, could Dad be far behind?

STOP THE WAR IN VIETNAM—

THOMAS ADAMS FOR THE SENATE

Dear Senator McGovern:

Your recent ad in *The New Republic* waves some slogans about the "radical right," "radical left," and "vital center." These obscure the fundamental issue before the American people in November. Is the voice which called us "Nervous Nellies, blind to experience and deaf to hope," and which accused us of "turning on our leaders and breaking rank," is this a voice from your "vital citadel of liberalism"? It is, in fact, a voice which comes neither from the right, the left, or the center. It is a voice from the top. You yourself have spoken courageously on the floor of the Senate, and would qualify as a Nervous Nelly. Why not speak equally courageously in your advertisements?

Thomas Adams, Candidate for the Senate in November, has said in a full page ad, *New York Times,* August 18, with the endorsement of Walter Lippmann:

> **"The issue is between the people of Massachusetts and the President of the United States. . . . By guile and by subterfuge the President has carried the nation into war without consent of Congress or debate in the Senate."**

These are the words we want to hear from our politicians. Senator Morse has rightly said: "On the issue of Vietnam, this nation is like one precinct." Consequently, even though I live in New York, I am placing this ad on my own initiative in support of Mr. Adams. I hope other citizens will respond with similar initiatives, to give fresh meaning to our democracy and our politics.

Serge Lang

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The Career of Bernard Malamud

by Charles Thomas Samuels

When Bernard Malamud's first novel appeared in 1952, it was infrequently reviewed and poorly comprehended. With condescension it reserves for experiments neither European nor chic, *The New Yorker* described *The Natural* as a "book about a baseball player, related in a thin and ingenuous voice that seems to indicate that the writer would like to have us search beneath the surface for the meaning he has hidden there." Even so perceptive an early advocate as Norman Podhoretz found the search difficult: though the novel's team, the Knights, is presided over by a manager named Fisher who has bandaged hands and prays for rain, Podhoretz discovered Homeric parallels. Somehow, its initial reception earned *The Natural* a reputation for obscurity that has not been successfully challenged.

The Fixer
by Bernard Malamud
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.75)

Instead, like most of Malamud's work, *The Natural* is rather too obvious. Yet it is first-rate, criticizing with wit and wild invention those American cults of youth, success, and unlimited fulfillment which find their popular apotheosis in baseball. An improbable combination of *Mad* magazine and T. S. Eliot, its humor enriched by tenderness, Malamud's first novel has been unjustly neglected.

Not so his second book. *The Assistant* is such a full realization of Malamud's talent that it has threatened to freeze his reputation and bind him to a formula. This tale of a young Italian's moral apprenticeship to an anguished but charitable Jew contains *the* Malamud situation and theme (*The Natural* is about a failed apprenticeship, an education missed through proud reliance on natural gifts). Well received and now part of the post-war fictional canon, *The Assistant* has been celebrated too often for its ideas. Yet Malamud is not a probing thinker, as his new novel makes clear, but rather a master of plotting and effect. One moment in *The Assistant* will suggest what I mean.

Though Frank Alpine had begged a job in Morris Bober's grocery to expiate his sins, he is constantly backsliding. In petty theft, gluttonous raids on the stock, and peeping at the interdicted Jewish daughter, Frank remains a natural man. Yet Helen comes to believe that he will reform. Religious differences and sexual inhibitions yield to a seriousness symbolized by his gift of a complete Shakespeare, the perfect token for a girl whose dearest wish is to attend NYU nights. Frank woos Helen with his suffering, his desire for regeneration, his respect for her chastity and high purpose.

But the past is implacable. One night while waiting for him on a secluded park bench, Helen is attacked by his former confederate but saved when Frank appears. In the passionate moment which follows, Frank's natural self is stirred to take the girl he had won through abstinence and education. Afterwards, Helen curses him, screaming "Dog – uncircumcised dog" to remind him that he is, after all, an ignorant *goy*. Ironically, the terms of her curse come from the very symbol of Frank's urge for self-transcendence: the words recall those spoken in self-loathing by Shakespeare's Othello.

This moment contains within itself all the heartbreak of Frank's situation. It is a masterpiece of plotting which one reads with a gasp, and it is typical of the skill that makes its author the most moving of our recent novelists. Yet so far as I know it has never been analyzed while critics spend their wit chewing over those easily digested pieces of Malamud's conservative ethics. No admirer neglects his humor or irony (for which the names Chagall and Dostoevsky have become inevitable emblems), but the emphasis is usually placed on Malamud's affirmation and morality, an emphasis which, in too many interviews that make him seem a Yiddish Vincent Peale, the author supports.

That this emphasis is misplaced *The Magic Barrel* should have shown. Its title story, as good as anything he has written, proves Malamud a virtuoso of the heart. With few exceptions, the other stories are second-rate: thin little exempla in which the characters' sufferings become as predictable and thus as ineffective as the calls for love and charity with which they conclude.

Despite its success, this book did alert critics to Malamud's limitations. Doubts about narrowness of range began to be heard, and Alfred Kazin mounted his hobbyhorse Reality to charge Malamud's neglect of a commodity "too precious to turn into symbols." Together with the adulation for ethics, this attack constitutes a dismissal of the very gifts which make Malamud unique. *A New Life*, Malamud's third

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novel, gives unfortunate signs that this author often heeds his worst critics.

In that uneven book, Malamud makes a transparent attempt to answer the objection about lack of specificity and novelistic scope. Having spent over ten years in the university, however, he had available only the most intractable of *moeurs* to make a *roman* out of. As a result, the book's satire is by turns implausible, irrelevant, and peevish, while its redeeming feature is yet another version of the education of strength in the school of adversity. Attempting to extend his range, Malamud merely proved how very good he is at what he is good at.

The second story collection, *Idiots First*, shows a further misuse of talent. Having failed to become a conventional novelist of manners, Malamud tries in this book to be an entertainer (there is, for example, a marked increase and new candor in his treatment of sex). Again we have one fine tale: "The Maid's Shoes." But the inferior stories are as thin and predictable as those in *The Magic Barrel* and also trivial and cozy in a way Malamud had never before been. In *Idiots First* Malamud reminds one of a very sophisticated O. Henry. The story "Still Life," about a Jewish painter's attempt to seduce his guilt-ridden Catholic landlady, concludes by locking its irony within a splendid euphemism for intercourse ("Pumping slowly he nailed her to her cross"), but this is very much a case of the tail wagging the dog. "Black is My Favorite Color" is a contrived and embarrassing anecdote about race prejudice, the shorter tales are like stand-up jokes, and the title story virtually parodies Malamud's affirmation – portraying a distraught father vanquishing the angel of death with only the anguish reflected in his eyes.

By exhorting him to greater displays of meaning – never to firmer arabesques, sharper images of souls in progress – Malamud's critics have encouraged him to subvert his best talents. His new novel shows how fully he has taken their bad advice, reaching as it does for effects of verisimilitude and social-consciousness which have little to do with his fabulous and feeling art.

In *The Assistant* Frank Alpine ultimately learns:

> "Suffering . . . is like a piece of goods. I bet the Jews could make a suit of clothes out of it. The other funny thing is that there are more of them around than anybody knows."

Malamud himself has suffered from readers who fail to take this statement metaphorically. By Jewishness, Malamud means that moral fervor dormant in all men which creates, when disciplined by suffering, a necessary refusal to make others suffer. The hero of *The Fixer*, a Russian Jew wrongly accused of murder, comes to a very different definition of Judaism:

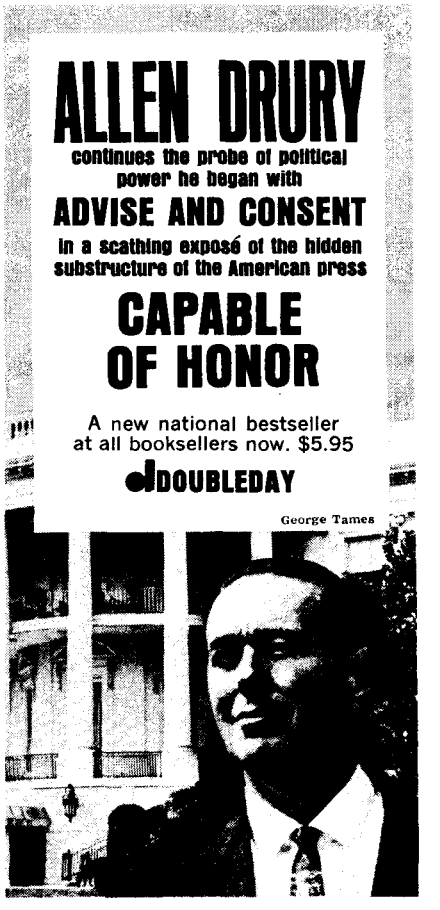
> "One thing I've learned, he thought, there's no such thing as an unpolitical man, especially a Jew. You can't be one without the other, that's clear enough."

This too is metaphoric ("Jew" now means victim of society), but the word "political" is stretched so far that the statement constitutes a quality already symbolizing something else defined by a word which doesn't mean what it says. Many men are unpolitical so that "politics" has a very special meaning in the quoted statement; worse, the statement concludes a story which fails to provide adequate illustration.

The novel's opening works. Recounting the hero's journey to Kiev where he hopes to forget inborn squalor and old troubles (his wife has just left him), Malamud is very good at depicting the Jew's imagination of disaster as he makes his way to the typically ironic new life. But things soon go wrong. After he arrives in Kiev, Yakov Bok chances upon a drunken man lying in the snow. Though the drunkard wears in his lapel the emblem of a notorious anti-Semitic legion, Yakov rescues him, accepts his offer of a job, and becomes an intimate of his household. That a Jew who is literally frightened by his shadow should involve himself with his worst enemy is implausible, though perhaps Malamud wished to symbolize a putative Jewish masochism or an ironic affinity for the feared gentile. Neither suggestion is developed. The implausibility in plotting is never redeemed; Malamud cares only for his main episodes, and perfunctory plotting serves because it is expeditious.

The first 70 pages are like an old movie so familiar that we can predict each consequence. Surely Malamud wanted an effect of irreversible fate, but he obtains only an air of second-hand contrivance. When Yakov spurns the attentions of the anti-Semite's daughter, we know she will later turn on him in injured vanity, just as we know his zealous scrutiny of the workers over whom he is made foreman can only result in dangerous resentment. Everything we are told about his first weeks in Kiev falls into place when he is finally charged with murder. He rescues an old Jew from some rock-throwing boys; the old Jew is later said to have been in league with him. He chases such boys himself; one of them turns out to be the murderer's victim.

In jail, the novel's main stage, the plotting becomes neither fresher nor more instructive. Evidence is brought against him by corrupt priests and a theatrically grieving mother who is really a prostitute and probably an accomplice in the crime. Most of the Russians are in cahoots to wring false testimony of a conspiracy so that they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can start a pogrom; with obvious irony, Yakov's most strenuous persecutors are the devoutest Christians.

Malamud has never been interested in analyzing character, only in displaying it. Since Yakov's ordeal is so clichéd, his growing heroism can only seem synthetic. Moreover, it is unattached to larger issues. The passage I cited alludes to the political basis for Russian anti-Semitism, but politics has no demonstrated bearing on the action and is not even discussed until page 300. At that point in Yakov's long incarceration, a lawyer enters to rationalize Bok's experience. This speech reminded me of the psychiatrist's summing up in Hitchcock's *Psycho:* a professionally lucid though intellectually predictable excuse for a sadistic debauch.

The main action of *The Fixer* is intricate not in political analysis, character development, twist of plot, but in physical torment. Where Malamud's heroes formerly suffered the pain of being locked in selfhood, Yakov suffers only the pains of being locked in jail. For the harpy Harriet Bird of *The Natural,* the demons which well up in Frank Alpine's soul, the dead spirits who torment Sy Levin in *A New Life,* Malamud substitutes a dead mouse in a can of soup, physical humiliations by the prison guards, gratuitous beatings by the inmates.

And after 150 pages of this politically inflated theatre of cruelty, Malamud concludes with sentimental uplift. In the last moments, one of Yakov's Russian guards is shot for trying to protect him, Yakov forgives his erring wife by heroically accepting her bastard son in the same pencil stroke with which he denies a Jewish plan to murder the other child, and Yakov goes to trial, thinking rousing thoughts, amidst prefigurements of the Russian Revolution:

> "Where there's no fight for it there's no freedom. What is it Spinoza says? If the state acts in ways that are abhorrent to human nature it's the lesser evil to destroy it. Death to the anti-Semites! Long live revolution! Long live liberty!"

One can guess why Malamud chose this subject. It contains precisely those opportunities for a large social canvas and engagement with important issues which his critics have been urging. Moreover, with its Jewish *schlemiel* who becomes a hero it employs the sort of inner drama which Malamud stages so well, but the outer drama is unsuited to Malamud's gifts, so he falls back on a dreary round of inquisitions and tortures which is meant to represent it but which rather measures his unfitness for these materials.

Such a novel cries out for a character in whom the conflict between justice and political barbarism might find a reflection. *The Fixer* has one such character: the Investigating Magistrate, Bibikov. But after forcing him to orate embarrassingly on Spinoza and showing how unhappy he is in his official role, Malamud kills him off. Lacking an intellectual center for his theme, Malamud can only have recourse to blocks of rhetoric which alternate with torture.

At last, the plot defeats the theme in the most fundamental way. Malamud needs the torture to further the process of Bok's heroism, but that the Russians need to spend such time torturing a confession out of him before they can authorize his destruction comes ironically to affirm the very restraints of justice and order the absence of which was to give the book its power. *The Fixer* is not powerful, merely repelling. It should not have been a novel. With prose so flat, exposition so contrived and speedy, a dramatic center so dependent on visual action and rhetoric, and a denouement so theatrical, *The Fixer* should have been a play (the most recent of the author's projects, since abandoned, was a play). Unfortunately, if it were, it would probably resemble not those great dramatizations of single souls tried by the massed power of bigotry and reaction, like Shaw's *Saint Joan* or Brecht's *Galileo,* but that perfect example of liberal evasion: Arthur Miller's *The Crucible.* As in Miller's play, Malamud shows that bigots are mean, hysterical, and venal, that simple folk caught up in their midst can show inspiring apostasy, and that complex political abominations can be defeated by private gestures of quixotic integrity. This sort of wish-fulfillment is all that Malamud can come up with by way of political comprehension. One wonders whether to lament his innocence or the fact that the world is more brutal.

The career of Bernard Malamud seems to me exemplary. There can be no doubt that his first books revealed a distinguished and original art. But we live in a time and place where art's illuminations and delights have come to seem peripheral, even timid, in the face of the great social problems crowding our attention. Artists are being pressed into uniform. What difference does it make if James Baldwin is a poor writer; he is a vivid spokesman. What difference does it make if the aperçus which glitter through *Herzog* are frequently embarrassments; Bellow is engaged. It is a bad time for skill, perhaps because we have so little of it. But because we have so little of it, writers like Malamud constitute a precious national resource: an image of discipline and craft without which, ironically, even the problems they are said to neglect can never be solved. It is a small but real defeat for us all that Malamud has traded his dark place so lighted by crazy sparks for a soapbox in the public arena.

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Carlyle was Wrong

by Richard N. Cooper

A century ago economics was haunted intellectually by the Rev. T. R. Malthus' specter of a population trap and by David Ricardo's specter of a relentless rise in land rents. Humanity was doomed to poverty by its own fecundity; and what wealth there was must accrue increasingly to the landlords, who owned the scarce and non-reproducible resource. No wonder Thomas Carlyle called economics "the dismal science." Unlimited social demands were always confronted with limited resources, and the economist's role was to remind everyone of this fact of life.

National Economic Policy
by James Tobin
(Yale; $5)

In this book of 18 short essays, James Tobin demonstrates that Carlyle was wrong. His highly articulate applications of economic reasoning to matters of public policy are designed to enlarge the potential courses of action open to us, not narrow them; what emerges, from this economist at least, is a broader view of the possibilities for social and economic improvement than is typically held by public officials and men of affairs.

The essays cover a variety of topics with considerable variation in tone, from the cool fury of a patriot at Eisenhower's head-in-the-sand defense policy to the humble and introspective discussion of the role of an academic in Washington. (Tobin was a member of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers, on leave from Yale University, in 1961-1962.) The essays are difficult to summarize briefly. They touch on economic planning (*i.e.*, "thinking ahead," not government controls) in the United States, the role of government in the economy (important), business attitudes toward government (too doctrinaire), deficit spending (if business doesn't, government must), taxation to stimulate growth (desirable), and labor's search for security in the face of technical change (understandable but misguided when taken through local union action). He also discusses the undesirability of central bank independence in a democratic government and the weaknesses of the international monetary system and of those who manage it.

Despite the diversity of topic, three related themes pervade the essays. The first is that the policy-maker should always keep his eye on the ball. He should not be misled and diverted by feints and decoys. He should not confuse ends and means. For Tobin the ball is usually higher output: full and efficient use of the nation's human and capital resources to improve individual welfare. If price stability, fixed exchange rates, balanced budgets and the like serve this end, they should be pursued or fostered as proximate objectives themselves; but it is reversing the proper order of things deliberately to stifle output and raise unemployment in order to balance the budget, to stop inflation, or to defend the parity of the currency; proximate goals would wrongly displace the ultimate objective.

Tobin applies the same principle to the international monetary system. The present arrangement of fixed exchange rates supported by reserves of gold and dollars and by credit from the International Monetary Fund was established in 1944 at the Bretton Woods Conference explicitly "to facilitate the expansion and balanced growth of international trade, and to contribute thereby to the promotion and maintenance of high levels of employment and real income and to the development and the productive resources of all members as primary objectives of economic policy." Yet we have on occasion depressed unemployment unduly and interfered extensively with the free flow of international transactions (the British restriction on foreign travel is but the most recent illustration) for the sake of maintaining the existing international payments system. Again Tobin finds ends and means have been reversed.

Similarly, the continual focus on our real objectives calls for a dispassionate assessment of the efficiency of our tools of public policy in achieving them. Instruments should be used only when they are effective. Tobin shares the economists' bias in favor of the price system and the market place and against direct controls. But in the unusual circumstances of the Korean War boom he argued that tighter money would be less effective in stemming the tide of inflationary demand than would direct controls over demand and prices. The moral is again the same: keep your eye on the ball, not on some proxy for it.

The second major theme is that in today's industrial society the central government has a social responsibility to stabilize the economy and insure an adequate rate of economic growth. In-

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voluntary idleness is both humiliating to the individual and wasteful to society. And it is unnecessary. Monetary and fiscal policies are fully adequate to the task of stabilizing the economy. Moreover, these same policies can and should be directed toward achieving a faster rate of growth in the economy's capacity to produce as well as full utilization of existing manpower and capacity. Tobin's reasons for favoring growth policies, however, will strike the layman as somewhat pedantic. He does not find faster economic growth the only or even the best device for enlarging national power or national prestige. He shows no particular interest in beating the Russians in the current economic race. He does not urge growth as a social solvent, easing the pain of adjustments to changes in public policies, private demands, technology or social attitudes.

Rather, Tobin wants government to stimulate growth because private capital markets fail to translate into investment the true time preference of the saving public – the rate at which the public would willingly defer present consumption for the sake of greater future consumption. The rate of return on investment is typically much higher than the yield to savers, partly because elements of monopoly and restrictions on entry into many investing industries limit investment, partly because individual investors must face private risks (through competition with other investors, etc.) which are not risks to society as a whole. Moreover, the rate of return to society on new investment is often greater than the return to the private investor because of important spillover effects which are not fully captured for the investor by our patent system. On all three counts leaving the rate of investment exclusively to the market place will lead to too little investment. Tobin thus favors government policy to foster growth because it would pay off in terms of public preference. The investment tax credit of 1962 and the shortening of depreciation lives for tax purposes represented moves in this direction.

The third theme is that economic myths and ideology have befuddled the American public, clouded the real issues, and resulted in unnecessarily acrimonious debate over economic policy. President Kennedy elaborated the same

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theme in his 1962 commencement address at Yale. "The great enemy of the truth is very often not the lie deliberate, contrived, and dishonest – but the myth – persistent, persuasive, and unrealistic." Tobin excoriates the Eisenhower Cabinet for its doctrinaire approach to economic policy, and contrasts the impractical approach of its members to public affairs with their eminently practical and successful approach to private affairs. His impatience with the business ideology no doubt derives in large measure from its too frequent attack on full employment: "It is amazing how many reasons can be found to justify [economic] waste: fears of inflation, balance-of-payments deficits, unbalanced budgets, excessive national debt, loss of confidence in the dollar." It comes back to a question of ends and means.

Myths and ideology can generate mutual distrust and misunderstanding on a whole range of economic issues, as they did absurdly between Kennedy and the business community over the rollback of steel price increases in the spring of 1962. They prevent dispassionate examination of the real costs and benefits of any proposal for action and can even obscure direct self interest. The investment tax credit provides an illuminating illustration of the beclouding influence of ideological difference. As a proposal by the Kennedy Administration, it was met by profound suspicion and distrust by many businessmen, despite the overwhelming cash benefits it meant for the business community – benefits acknowledged today by business' tenacious reluctance to permit even temporary suspension of the tax in order to restrain a vigorous boom. Fortunately the ideological differences between business and government now seem to have diminished under the pragmatic influence of Johnsonian consensus.

Tobin's essays on economic policy are superbly organized and skillfully executed. They are not always scintillating – economics is unlikely ever to be scintillating – but they are very sensible. We have in these essays a humanely-motivated but hard-headed call for serious examination of our real objectives and an attempt at careful analysis of the means to achieve them. The results are not at all dismal.

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Disillusioned Heroine

by Philip Toynbee

The Late Bourgeois World
by Nadine Gordimer
(Viking; $3.50)

In the history of the novel it seems that a certain type of hero gradually emerges, and then holds the stage of fiction for a number of years before he quietly gives way to his supplanter. From Tom Jones to Pendennis and beyond, the hero of the English novel tended to be a high-spirited boy-man, guilty of all the minor vices but none of the major ones. In the novels of writers as different from each other as Hardy, Henry James and Conrad the same hero became interestingly flawed – a decent young man but also, perhaps, a cowardly one or one whose charm could become unscrupulous. In our own time the typical hero of the typical serious novel is, before anything else, a *disillusioned* man.

This may have begun with Hemingway: it may have been the product of the First World War; but it is Graham Greene who has made the weary, embittered but fundamentally *good* man into such a familiar effigy that we almost take him for granted. The English narrator of *The Quiet American* is as fully developed a version of this character as one could hope to meet. To begin with he is carefully put into a posture of contrast and opposition to the Quiet American himself – who is everything that the narrator is not. Pyle is naïve, enthusiastic, self-righteous, ignorant and, in effect though not in intention, disastrous. The almost anonymous narrator – the blurb of one edition describes him as "a seasoned foreign correspondent" – is bitter, sophisticated, sinful in small matters (he smokes opium and lives with a native girl) but so deliberately inactive that he does little harm to anyone. When he does take action – ensuring that Pyle gets killed – it is the kind of "right" action which is hopelessly compromised by this hero's fallen nature and flawed destiny.

A major point of interest in Nadine Gordimer's new novel is that we are now shown a female version of this very familiar male character. Miss Gordimer has already written novels of protest about her native South Africa, though always with a coolness and irony which saved those books from that crudity which so often (as in the case of poor Pyle) accompanies the best intentions. But this novel seems to mark a later stage than anything she has written before; the title, incidentally, doesn't mean, as I took it to mean, that the bourgeois world has died, but that we are now living through its final period. In any case, the real dividing line, both in fiction and in fact, was the introduction by the South African government of its Ninety Day Law which has enabled the police to keep anyone indefinitely in prison without trial. What had been almost a gay and almost an open defiance of the racist regime has become not only clandestine but bitter, savage and perhaps hopeless.

The heroine, Liz Van Den Sandt, learns on the first page that her ex-husband has committed suicide; and we are soon shown, by a series of deftly-contrived flashbacks, how Max had been led to kill himself by his many failures as a member of the illegal resistance, culminating in the total betrayal of his friends. But Liz had divorced him

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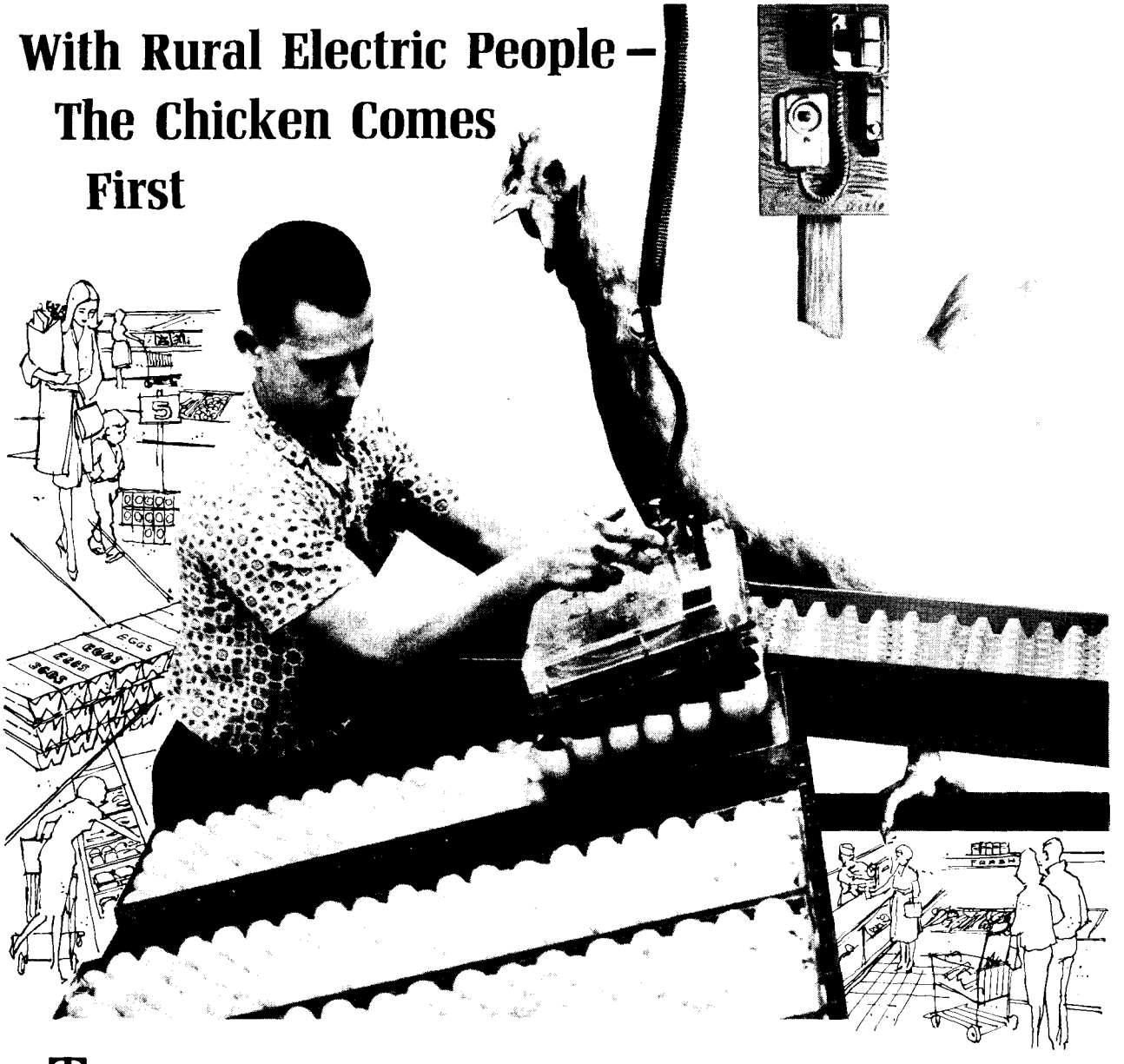

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months before his final failure, and not because – or rather not directly because – he had proved so ineffective as a political hero. Max had been a hopeless man, in private life as much as in his political actions. And the point of the book is that Liz has been made halfway hopeless too – by Max, by the worsening of the political situation and also, of course, by something in herself which welcomed the whole ambiance of despair.

What happens in the present time of this novel – Liz's visit to her son at school to tell him about his father's death; her tepid affair with a liberal-minded lawyer; the attempt of an African nationalist to enlist her help – all these events are told in a firmly minor key. The American astronauts are wheeling round the world, and they play their subdued symbolic role as emblems of an incongruous technical advancement. And the ending leaves us to understand that Liz will be drawn back into political activity, but only to the extent of using her senile grandmother's bank account for the reception of illegal funds from abroad. Her action, like Fowler's final action in *The Quiet American*, is not only half-passive but also of dubious value and even of dubious decency.

In many ways this is a very good little novel. It is beautifully organized; its language is cool, precise and inventive; its moral attitudes are subtle but honorable. The secondary characters – Max; Liz's schoolboy son; her wonderfully dreadful ex-mother-in-law; Graham, the lawyer – are clearly defined and entirely credible. Yet I can't help feeling that Liz herself is altogether too much of fictional stereotype to carry the weight that Miss Gordimer has put on her shoulders.

The fact is that there has always been something phony about these knowing and disillusioned characters. In the case of *The Quiet American* I felt that Greene was playing a game of Lifemanship, or status-symbol chess, against Pyle; and that he had fixed the game beforehand. How could the poor brash American survive when he was pitted against that "seasoned correspondent" with his dead heart and worldly wisdom and (checkmate!) deep moral integrity into the bargain? Fowler is a romantic invention. There are no seasoned correspondents or members of any other profession who go about in a permanent state of conscious disillusionment. Or if there are they are the copies and not the originals of Fowler, Liz and their kind.

In the face of a very difficult situation – harshly difficult in life and politics because South Africa has now become a police state, but different as well in the present condition of the novel – both Miss Gordimer and her heroine have chosen comparatively easy options. Naïveté – we will agree – is as fatal in the complexity of police-state politics as it is in the complexity of modern fiction. Just as Max failed because of a naïve and egotistical yearning for martyrdom, so Miss Gordimer would have failed if she had written another "burning indictment" of Verwoerd's South Africa. But neither Liz nor Miss Gordimer can escape from their difficulties by adopting this fashionable posture of romantic disillusionment. It is true, of course, that we lose illusions and that we ought to lose them: it is evidently true, for example, that the relations between whites and blacks in South Africa could never be as blissfully direct, affectionate and natural as people like Liz believed when they were ten years younger. It is true that there are situations in which all action becomes dubious, and perhaps impossible. But it is not true that the fictional device of the Disillusioned Man – or Woman – can still suffice as a means of turning this situation into living art.

I thought that when Greene's hero was recreated in his last novel about Haiti he proved to be a burnt-out case not only as a man but as a valid fictional device. I think Liz, too, in the conscious and self-conscious superiority of her weariness and knowingness, becomes almost a familiar bore.

How, then, to deal with the modern world by means of fiction? Luckily a reviewer is under no obligation to do more than signal a failure. I can't tell how Miss Gordimer should have given us a paradigm of the sad situation in which she lives; but I am sure that Liz is not only unlike any real person – which wouldn't necessarily matter – but also far too like too many of her fictional predecessors.

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FILMS

Godard among the Gangsters

Jean-Luc Godard intended to give the public what it wanted. His next film was going to be about a girl and a gun – "A sure-fire story which will sell a lot of tickets." And so, like Henry James' hero in *The Next Time* he proceeded to make a work of art that sold fewer tickets than ever. What was to be a simple commercial movie about a robbery became *Band of Outsiders.*

The two heroes of *Band of Outsiders* begin by play-acting crime and violence movies, then really act them

Band of Outsiders (with Anna Karina, Sami Frey, Claude Brasseur)

out in their lives. Their girl, wanting to be accepted, tells them there is money in the villa where she lives. And we watch, apprehensive and puzzled, as the three of them act out the robbery they're committing as if it were something going on in a movie – or a fairy tale. The crime does not fit the daydreamers nor their milieu: we half expect to be told it's all a joke, that they can't really be committing an armed robbery. *Band of Outsiders* is like a reverie of a gangster movie as students in an expresso bar might remember it or plan it – a mixture of the gangster film virtues (loyalty, daring) with innocence, amorality, lack of equilibrium.

It's as if a French poet took an ordinary banal American crime novel and told it to us in terms of the romance and beauty he read between the lines; that is to say, Godard gives it *his* imagination, recreating the gangsters and the moll with his world of associations – seeing them as people in a Paris cafe, mixing them with Rimbaud, Kafka, Alice in Wonderland. Silly? But we know how alien to our lives were those movies that fed our imaginations and have now become part of us. And don't we – as children and perhaps even later – romanticize cheap movie stereotypes, endowing them with the attributes of those figures in the other arts who touch us imaginatively? Don't all our experiences in the arts and popular arts that have more intensity than our ordinary lives, tend to merge in another imaginative world? And movies, because they are such an encompassing, eclectic art, are an ideal medium for combining our experiences and fantasies from life, from all the arts, and from our jumbled memories of both. The men who made the stereotypes drew them from their own scrambled experience of history and art – as Howard Hawks and Ben Hecht drew *Scarface* from the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago."

The distancing of Godard's imagination induces feelings of tenderness and despair which bring us closer to the movie-inspired heroes and to the wide-eyed ingenue than to the more naturalistic characters of ordinary movies. They recall so many other movie-lives that flickered for us; and the quick rhythms and shifting moods emphasize transience, impermanence. The fragile existence of the characters becomes poignant, upsetting, nostalgic; we care *more.*

This nostalgia that permeates *Band of Outsiders* may also derive from Godard's sense of the lost possibilities in movies. He has said, "As soon as you can make films, you can no longer make films like the ones that made you want to make them." This we may guess is not merely because the possibilities of making big expensive movies on the American model are almost non-existent for the French but also because as the youthful film enthusiast grows up, if he grows in intelligence, he can see that the big expensive movies now being made are not worth making. And perhaps they never were: the luxury and wastefulness that, when you are young, seem as magical as peeping into the world of the Arabian Nights, become ugly and suffocating when you're older and see what a cheat they really

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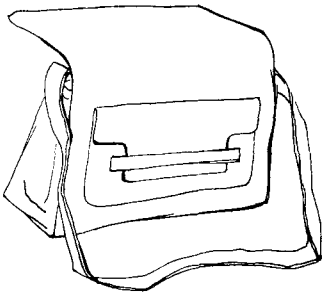

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were. The tawdry American Nights of gangster movies that were the magic of Godard's childhood formed his style – the urban poetry of speed and no afterthoughts, fast living and quick death, no padding, no explanations – but the meaning had to change.

An artist may regret that he can no longer experience the artistic pleasures of his childhood and youth, the very pleasures that formed him as an artist. Godard is not, like Hollywood's product producers, naïve (or cynical) enough to remake the movies he grew up on. But, loving the movies that formed his tastes, he uses this nostalgia for old movies as an active element in his own movies. He doesn't, like many artists, deny the past he has outgrown; perhaps he is assured enough not to deny it, perhaps he hasn't quite outgrown it. He reintroduces it, giving it a different quality, using it as shared experience, shared joke. He plays with his belief and disbelief, and this playfulness may make his work seem inconsequential and slighter than it is: it is as if the artist himself were deprecating any large intentions and just playing around in the medium. Reviewers often complain that they can't take him seriously; when you consider what they do manage to take seriously, this is not a serious objection.

Because Godard's movies do not let us forget that we're watching a movie, it's easy to think he's just kidding. Yet his reminders serve an opposite purpose. They tell us that his aim is not simple realism, that the lives of his characters are continuously altered by their fantasies. If I may be deliberately fancy: he aims for the poetry of reality and the reality of poetry. I have put it that way to be either irritatingly pretentious or lyrical – depending on your mood and frame of reference, in order to provide a critical equivalent to Godard's phrases. When the narrator in *Band of Outsiders* says, "Franz did not know whether the world was becoming a dream or a dream becoming the world" we may think that that's too self-consciously loaded with mythic fringe benefits and too rich an echo of the narrators of *Orphée* and *Les Enfants Terribles*, or we may catch our breath at the beauty of it. I think those most responsive to Godard's approach probably do both simultaneously. We do something similar when reading Cervantes. Quixote, his mind confused by tales of Knight Errantry, going out to do battle with imaginary villains, is an ancestor of Godard's heroes, dreaming away at American movies, seeing life in terms of cops and robbers. Perhaps a crucial difference between Cervantes' mock romances and Godard's mock melodramas is that Godard may (as in *Alphaville*) share some of his characters' delusions.

It's the tension between his hard, swift, cool style and the romantic meaning that style has for him (and for other lovers of "unsentimental" – ! – American gangster movies) that is peculiarly modern and exciting in his work. It's the casual way he omits mechanical scenes that don't interest him so that the movie is all high points and marvellous "little things." Godard's style, with its nonchalance about the fates of the characters – a style drawn from American movies and refined to an intellectual edge in post-war French philosophy and attitudes – is an American teen-ager's ideal. To be hard and cool as a movie gangster yet not stupid or gross like a gangster – that's the cool grace of the privileged, smart young.

It's always been relatively respectable, and sometimes fashionable, to respond to our own experience in terms drawn from the arts: to relate a circus scene to Picasso, or to describe the people in a Broadway delicatessen as an Ensor. But until recently people were rather shamefaced or terribly arch about relating their reactions in terms of movies. That was more a confession than a description. Godard brought this way of reacting out into the open of *new* movies at the same time that the Pop Art movement was giving this kind of experience precedence over responsiveness to the traditional arts. By now – so

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Marquis W. Childs *is a veteran Washington correspondent.* Reed Whittemore *is a consultant at the National Institute of Public Affairs.* Charles Thomas Samuels *is on the English faculty of Williams College.* Richard N. Cooper *has written extensively on foreign economic policy.*

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accelerated has cultural history become – we have those students at colleges who when asked what they're interested in say, "I go to a lot of movies." And some of them are so proud of how compulsively they see everything in terms of movies and how many times they've seen certain movies that there is nothing left for them to relate movies *to*. They have been soaked up by the screen.

Godard's sense of the present is dominated by his movie past. This is what makes his movies (and, to a lesser degree, the movies of Jacques Demy) seem so new: for they are movies made by a generation bred on movies. I don't mean that there haven't been earlier generations of directors who grew up on movies, but that it took the peculiar post-World-War-II atmosphere to make love of movies a new and semi-intellectualized romanticism. To say it flatly, Godard is the Scott Fitzgerald of the movie world, and movies are for the sixties a synthesis of what the arts were for the post-World-War-I generation – rebellion, romance, a new style of life.

The world of *Band of Outsiders* is both "real" – the protagonists feel, they may even die; and yet "unreal" because they don't take their own feelings or death very seriously, as if they weren't important to anybody, really. Their only identity is in their relationship with each other. This, however we may feel about it, is a contemporary mood; and Godard, who expresses it, is part of it. At times it seems as if the movie had no points of reference outside itself. When this imagined world is as exquisite as in *Band of Outsiders* we may begin to feel that this indifference or inability to connect with other worlds is a kind of aesthetic expression and a preference. The sadness that pervades the work is romantic regret that you can no longer believe in the kind of movie you once wanted to be enfolded in, becoming part of that marvellous world of beauty and danger with its gangsters who trusted their friends and its whores who never really sold themselves. It's the sadness in frivolity – in the abandonment of efforts to make sense out of life in art. Godard in his films seems to say: only this kind of impossible romance is possible. You play at cops and robbers but the bullets can kill you. His movies themselves become playful gestures, games in which you succeed or fail with a shrug, a smile.

The penalty of Godard's fixation on the movie past is that, as *Alphaville* reveals, old movies may not provide an adequate frame of reference for a view of *this* world. Then we regret that Godard is not the kind of artist who can provide an intellectual structure commensurate with the brilliance of his style and the quality of his details. Because, of course, we think in terms of masterpieces and we feel that here is a man who has the gifts for masterpieces. But maybe he hasn't; maybe he has artistry of a different kind.

PAULINE KAEL

Correspondence

Research and Government

Sirs:

Mr. Evert Clark is right when he intimates in his review of my book *The Politics of Research* (August 27) that the public knows too little about the federal government's $16 billion a year research and development programs. However . . . he refuses to recognize that RAND and a host of other such organizations along with the major government agencies have kept most of their research secret, thereby effectively shielding themselves from the sort of public scrutiny which both of us feel is desirable. . . . In one paragraph he declares that the scientific-government-industrial machine was "not created in secrecy" and has been under close civilian supervision at "almost every step." But a few sentences later he acknowledges that research is "given too little scrutiny in or out of Washington" and concludes that the government's administration of its scientific endeavors should be improved, citing the "many ideas for reform" contained in *The Politics of Research*. . . .

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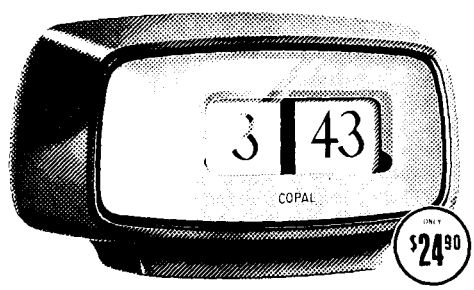

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of the variable-sweep wing that it has now incorporated in its SST proposal. . . . That the government-scientific complex "grew because government made it grow" is only part of a more complex problem as he will discover when he has occasion to read chapter V of my book where I examine the many reasons for the growth of the heterogenous federal research family. . . .

Richard J. Barber
Washington, D.C.

Mississippi Head Start

Sirs:

I assure you that all readers of *The New Republic* in later years will remember that the War on Poverty was carried through to a successful conclusion, despite suggestions to the contrary in your September 3 article on Mississippi Head Start. Equally, I assure you that the Head Start Program in Mississippi will be continued despite any handicaps your reporter Andrew Kopkind says are in the way.

Sargent Shriver, Director
Office of Economic Opportunity

Black Power

Sirs:

. . . In my state of Connecticut we have elected a Negro to the state legislature from the city of Hartford, though that city has only about 15 percent Negro population; on the basis of "Black Power," he could not have been elected. Similarly, through the same process of political integration, favored by such experienced civil rights organizatons as the NAACP, we have elected a Negro as state treasurer of Connecticut, and in our neighboring state of Massachusetts, a Negro has been elected attorney general, and will probably be elected to the United States Senate, because he is well qualified and Negroes have been integrated into the existing political parties. (The only thing that might defeat Mr. Brooke in Massachusetts is raising the cry of Black Power.) . . . "Black Power" is Negro racism pure and simple. . . . Racism of whatever kind, whether white supremacy or Black Power, is morally wrong. . . .

Alfred Baker Lewis
Greenwich, Conn.

Fooling Who?

Sirs:

I thoroughly enjoyed your note "Fooling the People" (August 13) . . . as a classical example of the polemical expedient of proving a thesis by slanting all the facts. . . . You seem to imply that our military presence in Vietnam is a total waste of time, effort and resources. . . . Indonesia, a nation of 100-million people, has just concluded a peace treaty with Malaysia. The Indonesians kicked out the Chinese Communists whose presence constituted a threat to our position in Vietnam by outflanking us on the southern perimeter of Asia. Are you so naïve as to believe that this peace treaty would have been consummated without our growing military power in Southeast Asia? There are other signs that fence sitters in Asia are having second thoughts about the invincibility of the Chinese Communists. The Prince of Cambodia, hitherto rapidly pro-Chinese is making friendly gestures toward Washington. The head of government in Burma is making a trip to Washington. The head of government in Singapore, hitherto strongly pro-Chinese, has said that it would be a great mistake if America pulled its troops out of Vietnam, because of the danger of Chinese aggression. . . .

Harry I. Osgood
Chicago, Ill.

Announcement

With this issue, Stanley Kauffmann becomes associate literary editor of *The New Republic*. His essays and reviews will appear regularly throughout the year. Mr. Kauffmann's recently published book, *A World on Film*, consists of his *New Republic* film pieces. A book of his literary criticism will be published next season.

Miss Pauline Kael joins this journal as film critic and contributing editor. Her reviews will appear every other week. Miss Kael is the author of *I Lost It at the Movies* and a well-known lecturer and writer on film.

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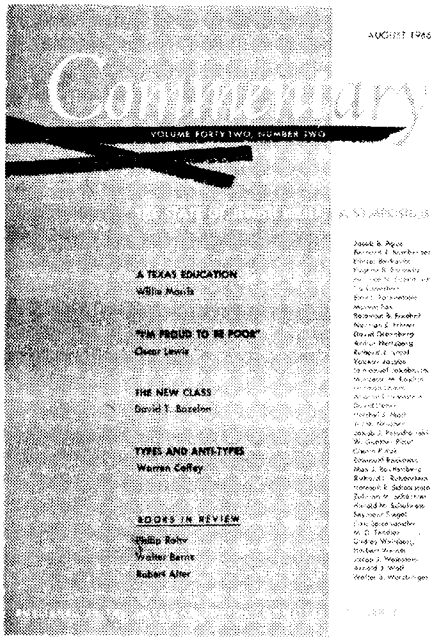

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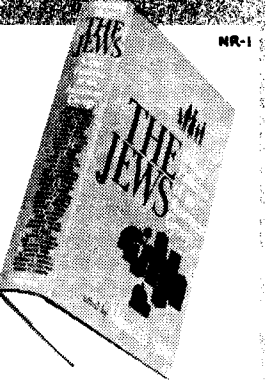

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